The Outlook

Volume 80 Saturday, July 8, 1905 Number 10

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

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HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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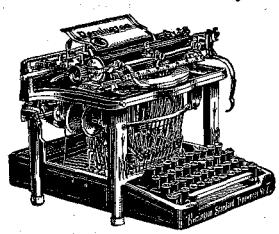

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1905

Mr. Wallace's Resignation

About a year ago Mr. John F. Wallace was appointed chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission, at a salary of $25,000. When, later, the Commission was reorganized, he was consulted, approved the plan adopted by the President, was made, at his own suggestion, a member of the Commission, and was given full charge of the work on the Isthmus. On the 17th of last May he sailed for the Isthmus, reaching it May 24. Twelve days later he requested permission to return to Washington for a conference with the Secretary of War, but without intimating the subject matter, and on the 25th of June had a personal conference with Secretary Taft in New York, in which he reported that he had received and accepted an offer from a private corporation, the name of which has not been given either to the Secretary of War or to the public, at a salary which with added stock benefits would amount to $60,000 or $65,000 a year. He was willing, he said, to remain in the Canal Commission for a time, but his new duties would not permit him to return to the Isthmus. Secretary Taft's reply to this surprising information we can best give in his own words:

> Within twelve days after your arrival upon the Isthmus you send me a cable which, read in the light of what you say to-day, signifies your practical acceptance of an offer of another position inconsistent with the performance of your duties on the Isthmus. I am astonished that you should be so disregardful of the splendid opportunities of the position which would have made you famous the world over by the honorable performance of your duties as chief engineer.
>
> For mere lucre you change your position overnight without thought of the embarrassing position in which you place your Government by this action, when the engineering forces on the Isthmus are left without a real head and your department is not perfected in organization, when the advisory board of engineers is to assemble under call of the President within two months, and when I am departing for the Philippines on public duty. All this you knew as well as I know it, but it has not had the least influence upon your action—you have thought of yourself, and yourself alone. I consider that by every principle of honor and duty you were bound to treat the subject differently. You have permitted the President and all of us to proceed in full confidence that you would perform the functions of chief engineer, and now in an hour you drop your great duties and throw them back upon us as if it were a matter of no consequence, and all this for your personal advantage solely.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> You make not the least complaint against your associates, superior or inferior (I know of no possible ground for it). You are influenced solely by your personal advantage.
>
> Great fame attached to your office, but also equal responsibility, and now you desert them in an hour. Then, from a standpoint of policy, you are making a profound mistake. If you could withdraw from your new arrangements, which I do not suggest, I could have no confidence (since I now know your conception of duty) that you would not in the future repeat the same act at a moment even more critical, when the consequences might be even more embarrassing and injurious to the Government.
>
> Under these circumstances, Mr. Wallace, and with great personal pain and disappointment, I am bound to say that I consider the public interests require that you tender your resignation at this moment and turn over the records of your office to the chairman of the Commission.

This request of Mr. Taft for a complete resignation, sundering all Mr. Wallace's connection with the Canal, was of course complied with; and the resignation was promptly accepted by the President, with a terse expression of approval of Secretary Taft's request.

❀

Mr. Wallace's Defense

Mr. Wallace has issued a statement in explanation of his action. In this statement he disposes of most of the defenses which have been interposed on his behalf by the press, such as interference with his work by Government regulations, the supposed necessity of paying

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extravagant prices for material because of the tariff, an imaginary difference of opinion between him and the Administration on the question whether the Canal shall be a sea-level canal or not, and the like. "A careful consideration," he says, "of the entire subject had brought me to the decision that I should disconnect myself with the work at the earliest possible date that it could be done without embarrassment to the Administration or injury to the work. It is unnecessary to state the reasons for this decision except that in fairness I should say that they involve no criticism of any act of the President or the Secretary of War." It is true that he adds that "the obstacles due to the Governmental methods required by existing laws are so serious that they will have to be eliminated if the American people are to see the Panama Canal constructed in a reasonable time and at a moderate cost." But it is evident that these obstacles constitute, in his mind, no ground of complaint against the Administration, nor do they furnish the reason for his present act. He resents "the charge that my motive in leaving the work was a financial one," but he assigns no other reason, and defends his right to leave at any time in his discretion and without assigning reasons. We give his own statement in this respect in his own words:

> While it was my own expectation that I should continue my connection with the work, it did not occur to me that I was not free to withdraw, if justice to myself and my family and to my reputation as an engineer required me to do so. It was not only my right, but my duty, to give the matter the most careful consideration in all its bearings, considering not only the general situation as it affected the work, but my family, personal and business relations, and all the various factors entering into the problem, and I could not concede the right to the Secretary of War or any one to dictate my decision. The only deliberate questions were the details as to putting my decision into effect, and while I stated to the Secretary what my desires were, I told him that I was perfectly willing to conform to his wishes, as far as possible, as to the time and manner of my withdrawal.

He also contends at some length that "at no time during the progress of the work could my relations have been severed more opportunely than now, and with less damage to the work;" but it does not seem to occur to him that upon this question the Administration was entitled to be consulted before his decision was reached and announced. Mr. John F. Stevens, of Chicago, has been appointed Mr. Wallace's successor, at a salary of $30,000 a year. He was in the service of the Philippine Commission as Government railway expert in the construction of a thousand miles of Philippine railways about to be built under Government aid, and was to have accompanied Secretary Taft to the Philippines on the Government excursion just starting. He was formerly Vice-President and General Manager of the Rock Island System, and, before that, Chief Engineer and General Manager of the Great Northern Railway, where he had extended experience in the management of large engineering works. We have commented elsewhere on Mr. Wallace's resignation and the action of the Government regarding it.

❀

Mr. Hyde's Defense

At a meeting of the Directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on Wednesday of last week Mr. James H. Hyde read a communication replying to the charges in the report of Superintendent Hendricks. Mr. Hendricks's report dealt in large measure with leases to various safe deposit companies of premises owned by the Society, which he criticised on the ground that they yielded little profit to the Society and in some cases entailed a loss, while the safe deposit companies, really controlled by officers of the Society, were making large profits from the use of the premises. Mr. Hyde does not attempt to show that these leases were profitable to the Society, but he does attempt to show that his father organized or purchased control in these safe deposit companies at personal risk to himself, for the purpose of increasing the funds and improving the condition of affairs of the Mercantile Trust Company —a subsidiary organization in which the Society held a controlling interest. He states that the resulting prosperity of this trust company has profited the Society to the extent of nearly ten millions of dollars. The syndicate transactions Mr. Hyde defends on the ground that

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"except in very rare cases, the trust funds of the Society should not be risked in guaranteeing the sale of an untried security, or, in other words, in underwriting its issue. When, however, the issue has been entirely underwritten by responsible people, and a market for the securities thereby established, their value as an investment may be considered as substantially increased, and the purchase under the circumstances by the Society would be justifiable, when in most instances the underwriting would not be." We do not think his statement will materially modify the public opinion already formed on the past management of the Equitable. But the transactions which Mr. Hendricks criticises in his report, and which Mr. Hyde attempts to explain, are of so complicated a nature that only the courts or the proper officials of the Society, after careful consideration, can pronounce the final word upon them. Until the results of the investigation set on foot by Mr. Morton, and of the various suits in progress and to be instituted, are made known, the general public will not feel that the charges brought forth by the Frick Committee and the Superintendent of Insurance have been in any great degree weakened.

❀

New Directors Nominated by the Trustees

At the same meeting nine names were presented by the trustees holding the stock bought by Mr. Thomas Ryan, for election to fill vacancies in the Board of Directors caused by recent resignations. The names are those of E. B. Thomas, New York, President of the Lehigh Valley Railway Company; F. G. Bourne, New York, President of the Singer Manufacturing Company; William Whitman, Boston, Massachusetts; John J. Albright, Buffalo, New York; F. W. Roebling, Trenton, New Jersey; J. D. Schmidlapp, President Union Savings Bank and Trust Company, Cincinnati; E. W. Robertson, Columbia, South Carolina; Joseph Bryan, Richmond, Virginia; and E. W. Bloomingdale, New York. All are policy-holders in the Society, but none of them, so far as is known, owns any stock. These men, who are of high business standing, have been selected with the idea of avoiding all who have entangling connections with large interests, and of giving representation to all parts of the country. Three of the names were suggested by bodies of policy-holders in different localities. Probably until some comprehensive system of recording the wishes of the large body of policy-holders throughout the country can be procured, this method of selecting Directors, from candidates proposed by bodies of policy-holders in various localities, is the best one on which to proceed. The trustees have issued an appeal to the policy-holders of the Society, asking their co-operation in the selection of men, from among their number, to fill further vacancies in the Board of Directors. In this appeal they lay down the principles which will govern them in the selection of Directors, as follows: "It shall be our effort to avail ourselves of all the knowledge and information within our reach to secure for Directors from among policy-holders such persons as are imbued with conservative views of management and who will regard as distinctly violative of duty the use of the funds of the Society, directly or indirectly, in the promotion, underwriting, or syndicating of new and uncertain enterprises or the investment of such funds in speculative stocks and securities. The published reports of those who have investigated the past management of the Society and the astounding revelations they bring to light have impressed us with the grave responsibility resting upon us to prevent, so far as it is in our power, a repetition of a scandalous and tragic chapter in the history of a great life insurance company. The lessons to be learned from the exposures made in these reports are that men who are more concerned in making money for themselves than in discharging a sacred trust should not have control of a life insurance company, and that in the investment of life insurance funds safety rather than large profits should be the rule. The same obligations that rest on the trustees of savings banks rest on the directors of life insurance companies, because in

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more than one sense a life insurance company is a savings bank. The same conservative management, the same economy in expenditure, and the same care as to investments are as necessary in the one case as in the other. The history of savings banks in the State of New York is most creditable, and we believe this is due, not alone to the able, honest, and disinterested men who have managed them, but also to the laws which have limited the character of the securities in which they could invest." The reassurance which the Equitable policyholders have already received from the appointment of men of such high character as Mr. Cleveland, Judge O'Brien, and Mr. Westinghouse as trustees of the Ryan stock will be further strengthened by the trustees' first official act in nominating Directors, and by their utterances in this appeal to the policy-holders.

❀

Judge Hooker on Trial

The danger, which at first seemed a very real one, that the New York Legislature might take the view that it had no Constitutional power to deal with the charges against Judge Hooker, last week vanished with astonishing quickness and completeness. The report of the Senate Judiciary Committee brought out so clearly the points summarized in The Outlook last week as they were stated by the committee of the New York Bar Association that opposition was no longer possible. As Senator Brackett pointed out, the theory that the right to the removal of a Judge for cause is closely limited by Constitution or statute had no substance or basis. Mr. Brackett said that because the power resides in the people, and is derived from them, all officers, including judges, are accountable to them. This does not mean that the judiciary shall not be independent, but that the Judge must have the wholesome knowledge that his personal conduct is subject to scrutiny. Indications, as reported in the press, are that the trial will be as brief as fairness permits, and, if press reports are to be believed, there has been a perceptible change of sentiment not favorable to Judge Hooker since the publication through an interview of his explanation of the acts charged against him. This informal explanation will, of course, be supplemented by a complete and formal statement, but as it stands it is almost in the nature of what lawyers call "confession and avoidance;" that is, Judge Hooker admits many of the things charged against him, but declares that not he but the Government was responsible for some of the worst things charged—for instance, that while he obtained the appointment of favorites and friends to positions in which they did no work, but drew pay, it was the duty of their superior officers to see that the work was performed, and that he had nothing to do with that side of the case. A correspondent calls our attention to an error in The Outlook's history of this case: most of the acts of Judge Hooker complained of were performed by him *after* his appointment to the bench by Governor Black, though not in the performance of his judicial duties.

❀

Mutiny and Anarchy

The revolts among the naval forces at the ports of Odessa on the Black Sea, Libau on the Baltic, and Cronstadt on the Gulf of Finland are as significant as they are startling. Upon the question whether these revolts are sporadic or symptomatic may depend the very existence of the Russian Empire. No Government can live if it cannot maintain discipline in the forces upon which it must rely to preserve order. Rumors of disaffection in the Russian army and navy have been frequent; certainly in one and probably in more than one instance troops have refused to fire upon the mob; at the naval ports there have been evidences of disaffection, quickly suppressed and so far as possible concealed; the horrible stories of mutiny on board the battle-ship Orel during the Battle of the Sea of Japan have not been fully confirmed, yet have not been disproved. But the events of last week strongly indicate the presence of a concerted revolutionary movement throughout the navy. The story of the mutinous crew of the battleship Kniaz Potemkin at Odessa reads like a page of melodramatic sea-fiction. The city of Odessa was already in a state of

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revolt and agitation, and the troops were restraining demonstrations and rioting only by merciless repression when upon Wednesday of last week the Kniaz Potemkin sailed into the harbor, flying the red flag. The crew landed a body of sailors with machine guns; placed upon the dock the corpse of one of their number who, they alleged, had been shot by the captain because he had remonstrated against the quality of the food; and demanded that this sailor, Omiltchuk, should have the honors of a military funeral under the penalty of a bombardment of the place. There were no naval ships in the harbor, and the authorities were unable to deal with the situation. The revolutionists on shore joined with the mutineers, and the programme of an imposing public funeral was actually carried out, including a procession in which many thousands of the populace joined. During the night between the arrival of the battle-ship and the funeral very serious rioting took place, and probably hundreds of the mob were killed by the soldiers, while, in revenge, many buildings and ships lying at anchor in the harbor were burned. After the funeral a few harmless shots were fired from the Kniaz Potemkin, in consequence, it is said, of an attempt by the authorities to seize some of the mutineers who were on shore. War-ships were at once hurried to Odessa under the command of Admiral Krüger. It was at first reported that the Kniaz Potemkin had surrendered, but later reports state that a second ship, the Georgi Pobiedonostseff, had joined in the mutiny, both vessels signaling, in response to orders from Admiral Krüger to proceed to Sevastopol, "We remain here." In a council of war summoned by Admiral Krüger at Sevastopol it is reported that it was decided to dismantle the entire fleet. This would indicate a fear of widespread revolt. The true cause of the mutiny is believed to be, not dissatisfaction with food and the shooting of the sailor Omiltchuk, but the plots of a secret revolutionary organization. The official version sent from St. Petersburg asserts that when the captain received the complaints of the sailors he mustered the crew and asked those who were satisfied to step out. A majority did so, but the minority, headed by the revolutionists, including, it is asserted, some foreign Anarchists, seized the guns, turned them on the officers and their supporters among the crew, and, after a bloody fight in which nine officers and many men were killed or jumped overboard, gained possession of the battle-ship and placed the surviving officers in irons. This official account by no means bears out the statement of the officials, "This is not a revolution. It is mere drunken anarchy." Anarchy it was, but it must have been planned in advance and founded in hatred and desire for revolution in the full sense. By Saturday something like quiet seemed restored in Odessa, but the situation was still critical, and bloodshed, pillage, and plunder had not ceased. How serious the whole affair was is shown by the Czar's manifesto: "In order to guarantee public safety and to terminate the disorders at Odessa and neighboring localities, we have found it necessary to declare a state of war in Odessa and district, and to invest the command of the troops in the military district of Odessa with the rights of military authority and special rights of civil administration for the defense of order and public tranquillity."

The Revolts at Cronstadt and Libau

The significance of this extraordinary event at Odessa is more than doubled by the fact that almost similar scenes were enacted at the same time elsewhere. In old days, when revolutionists organized against a government, they gathered together an army and took the field; modern military conditions in a great country like Russia make this impossible, and the Russian Government has affected to scorn threats of force. But the new programme of revolutionists is different; public demonstrations, industrial revolts, rioting here and there and everywhere, appear first in one city, then in another; and as fast as they are put down by slaughter, others break out in unexpected quarters. At St. Petersburg, Lodz, Riga, Warsaw, Reyal, Odessa, Cronstadt,

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Libau, and many other places, these outbreaks have been dealt with by frightful severity, yet they do not cease. The Government cannot survive if these revolts continue and increase in violence. The revolutionists believe that the result must inevitably be some concession of popular government. The Government is at the same time pushed toward this end by the plain-spoken demands of the zemstvoists and those constitutionalists who are opposed to violence. The disturbances at Cronstadt and Libau are merely the latest of a series of revolutionary outbreaks, but, like that at Odessa, they are peculiarly dangerous because they involve the naval branch of Russia's armed force. At the first-named port eight thousand imperial sailors, together with many workmen from the yards and docks, suddenly refused to work; and although the mutiny was quickly quelled as regards the sailors, the workmen are still holding out as we write. One officer at least was killed, and although the Government is allowing only meager details of what happened to become known, it is believed that severe measures of repression were employed. At Libau five thousand sailors made terms only after fierce fighting. Here, too, a pretense that the food was bad was made the occasion of a revolt. The military guards tried to seize the insurgents, and killed and wounded several, but the insurgents captured the guardhouse, broke open stores, and seized arms and ammunition. Troops in large numbers were at once sent to Libau. They drove the sailors into a wood where they were surrounded, and, after a continuous fusillade by the troops, the results of which are not told in the despatches, the sailors surrendered and order was, for the moment at least, restored. It is not unreasonable to believe that these internal revolts may lead the Czar to a spirit of willingness to end the war on fair terms. The announcement is made by President Roosevelt that the plenipotentiaries appointed to conduct peace negotiations at Washington are, for Russia, Ambassador Muraviev and Ambassador Rosen, and, for Japan, Baron Komura and Minister Takahira. They will, it is stated, be intrusted with full power to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace.

The Mazzini Centenary

All Italy celebrated the centenary of Mazzini's birth the other day. Like the recent Schiller celebrations, those in honor of Giuseppe Mazzini emphasized his many-sided work. Schiller was great not only in literature; Mazzini not only in politics. The latter was born in the year when Schiller died, and the two characters and careers have much in common. Each was singularly free from personal reproach, and the work of each has uplifted in peculiar degree society, patriotism, literature. From the time when, eighteen years old, Mazzini wrote his first essay to the time when, just before his death, he finished his last, he strenuously held, throughout a long list of publications, that a free literature is an essential part of a free country. To this end literature must be liberated from classic and academic shackles. Mazzini's literary influence was felt especially in England, and there notably by Carlyle, Clough, and Jowett. But the Italian's vigor and elevation, whether of style or sentiment, was a reflex of his lofty character. Not one word in the thousands of familiar letters written by the great patriot need be expunged in their forthcoming publication, as Signor Ernesto Nathan, their editor, informs us. Mazzini's life was so pure that an electric light might be turned on its every corner. Such a man's power was, of course, seen not merely on literary workers, but on society in general. He showed that his ideal government was absolutely distinct from Socialism on the one hand or atheism on the other. Mazzini was born, educated, and practiced law in Genoa, but when he joined the Carbonari he was expelled from Italy. In France he founded a nobler society for his countrymen, and called it "Young Italy." Its watchwords were "Liberty, Equality, Humanity;" its aim was to make Italy a republic. The Revolution of 1848 gave Mazzini an opportunity to return home. He became a member of the Provisional Government at Florence, and, when Rome was proclaimed a republic, was appropriately elected Triumvir. On the capture of Rome by the French, however, Mazzini had again to flee. In his second exile, as in his first,

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he seemed to do as much to incite his countrymen toward liberty as if he had been at home. He assisted in organizing Garibaldi's various expeditions. Though repeatedly elected to Parliament after his final return to Italy, the inflexible republican refused to take his seat under a monarchical government. His death (1872) was a national loss, and a national funeral gave expression to the universal sentiment. During the years which have since passed his figure looms larger and larger, and this is right, for if Garibaldi has been called the knight-errant of Italian unification, and Cavour its actual welder, Mazzini was, beyond any one, its prophet.

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The British Aliens Bill

With the certainty that the general election will not come before the end of the present session and the extreme probability that it will not come until late in 1905, most of the Government measures now before Parliament are likely to pass. Among these is the Aliens Bill, which will make a radical change in the policy of England toward immigration from Continental Europe. From time out of mind England has been an open country; and it would not be the great and powerful England of to-day had any other policy been long continued. Jews, from the reign of Edward I. until the Cromwellian Protectorate, were excluded; but, except for this, refugees from Continental Europe have always found a welcome in England. It was so with the Flemings and with the Huguenots; and to their immigration in the sixteenth century England owes her long pre-eminence in the textile industries, especially her unassailable superiority in the woolen trade. An immigrant arriving on English shores to-day is subject to no physical examination and is asked no questions. He steps ashore with as much confidence as an Englishman returning to his native land. Until a few years ago no other policy was ever mooted for England; but in recent years aliens, mostly Jews, have been arriving in continuously increasing numbers. In 1902 the total was 71,500. Last year it suddenly jumped up to 83,000. Jewish immigrants in England, as in this country, do not settle in rural communities. They crowd into the cities—chiefly into the East End of London and into the Jewish quarters of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham. Congestion and pressure for tenements have been the result. Their incoming, too, has been adversely felt in some departments of the labor market, and the outcome is the bill which the Balfour Government is now pressing through Parliament. Generally speaking, it is patterned on the American immigrant code. Under it all newcomers will be compelled to prove that they are self-sustaining; that they are not likely to become public charges by reason of lunacy, idiocy, or any other mental or physical infirmity; and that they have not been convicted of crime in the country from which they come. If they fail to pass this examination, they are to be deported under much the same conditions that govern the deportation of undesirables who seek to land in the United States. There is much popular support for the bill, especially in London; and while the Liberals are opposed to this departure from the open-door policy of many centuries' standing, they are not a unit in opposing the bill. Most of the London Liberal and Radical members, including such well-known Radicals as Mr. Sydney Buxton and Mr. Randall Cremer, are supporting the bill; and it is as certain as anything can be of the British Parliament that the bill will become law this session.

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The New Speaker at Westminster

After the Whitsuntide recess, when the House of Commons resumed its sittings at the end of the last vacation of the session, Mr. James William Lowther became Speaker, and Mr. Gully, his predecessor, went up to the House of Lords as a Viscount, with a life pension of £4,000 a year. A peerage and a pension have been bestowed on all Speakers since Abbot, who was in the Chair from 1802 to 1817, retired, and his place was taken by Manners Sutton. Sutton was Speaker from 1817 to 1835. He was in the Chair when the great Reform Bill went through its stages in

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the House of Commons; and he has other distinctions. He was the last partisan occupant of the Chair; he was the last Speaker who continued an active association with his party while he was Speaker; and, moreover, until Mr. Lowther succeeded Mr. Gully, Manners Sutton was the last Speaker to be elected by a Tory majority. All other Speakers from 1835 to 1894, when Mr. Gully succeeded the present Viscount Peel, happened to be chosen while the Liberals were in a majority. In several instances Tory Governments came into power within a comparatively short time after these Liberals had been elected to the Chair; but in no instance—not even after a general election—was a Speaker dislodged because he was not of the party which came into possession of the Treasury Bench. In the early days of the House of Commons, the Speaker was a courtier who was practically nominated by the Crown. This connection between the Crown and the Speakership came to an end in the reign of Charles II. From then until 1835 the Speaker was more or less of a party man; but since 1835—from the time of Abercrombie, who was the first and only Scotchman to become Speaker—the Speakership has been an absolutely non-partisan office. During these seventy years it has become so entirely apart from partisan politics that nowadays a Speaker never enters a political club, never addresses his constituents on controversial political questions, and is seldom opposed when at the end of a Parliament he goes to his constituency for re-election as a member of the House of Commons. Mr. James William Lowther was Deputy Speaker for many years before he succeeded Mr. Gully, and he was also Chairman when the House was in Committee; but he took the same view of his position in the House that the Speaker did, and from the first cut himself entirely free from all party connections and all party activities. Thus, so far as the traditions of the House go, Mr. Lowther is an excellent successor to Mr. Gully; and, come what may of the Tory Government at the general election, Mr. Lowther's tenure of the Speakership is assured for as long a term as his health will permit of the strain resulting from the close and exacting duties of the office. Mr. Lowther is of a family which a century ago exercised great influence in the House of Commons. He is a descendant of the Earl of Lonsdale, who in the reign of George III. was, by reason of his territorial position and his enormous wealth, able to nominate nine or eleven members of the House of Commons, and who was rewarded with an earldom solely for the services he had rendered to successive Tory Governments as a political boss. Before 1832 the Lowther family had produced two political bosses; but this is the first time that any member of it has achieved real distinction—distinction due to his own merits—in the House of Commons.

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The Pope's Temporal Power

News from Rome this summer seems increasingly startling. One week it is announced that Pius X. wants to break the self-imposed bonds of previous Popes as to "the Prisoner of the Vatica," and take a needed summer vacation at the Papal villa of Castel Gandolfo in the Alban hills, where his independence and sovereignty have always been freely conceded by the Italian Government. The next week we learn that, not satisfied with this, the Pope would even free himself from any traditions and seek his summer rest amid the higher and cooler Abruzzi Mountains, at the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. Another week brings the announcement of the Pope's advice to the faithful no longer to regard as binding Pius IX.'s Encyclical of 1871, in which Roman Catholics were forbidden to take part in Italian Parliamentary elections. And now, last week, a cablegram announces that the Vatican has indirectly asked whether the Italian Government is inclined to pay the arrears of the subsidy offered by the Guaranty Law of 1871. One of the provisions of this law was for the payment to the Pope of an annuity of $645,000 by the Government, as, with other provisions, an offset to the occupation of the States of the Church by United Italy. This annuity was promptly refused by Pius IX., and the Papal

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policy has remained unchanged in that regard. As reported in the despatch, the Vatican now actually hints at the possibility of its renunciation of its claims to temporal dominion, in case of the Government's favorable answer! If continued to the present, the arrears would amount to nearly twenty-two million dollars. Thus, we may be standing within a measurable distance of the end of the eleven and a half centuries of the Pope's temporal power. In our opinion, twenty-two million dollars would be a bagatelle to pay in comparison with the world's deliverance even from the specter of this past power. It is true that the power is no longer a tangible thing, but its redoubtable past has been continually and cleverly used to stir up dissension in many parts of the world. The Italian Government would hardly have difficulty in paying the arrears; but if it does, and if it meets the greater difficulty of radical opposition in Parliament, it may well fight hard to gain its point, knowing that not only will it be emancipated as never before, but that the whole world will be the grateful beneficiary. For if, more than anything else, the temporal power of the Popes has hindered the proper spiritual growth of the Roman Catholic Church, it has also hindered the proper civic growth of France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Germany, and especially Italy. It may be that 1905 is to be a historic year, first in marking the downfall of Russian despotism and the rise of Japanese civilization, and, secondly, in marking the end of an intolerable Papal assumption, and one wholly unnecessary for the spiritual well-being of the Church. Pepin stands at the beginning of the period of Papal arrogance. It is much to be hoped that Pius X. stands at the other end and will close it.

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The Colleges: Yale

Yale's Commencement week was notable because of the unusually large attendance, the value and importance of several of the addresses made, the brilliance of the spectacular and outdoor features, and the announcement of additions to the endowment funds. President Hadley's Baccalaureate was a direct appeal to avoid Pharisaic complacency, to remember that the pursuit of truth is more important than that of gain, and that "the worth of a man's life is to be measured, not by the things which he has done for himself, but by the things which he has done for the world around him and after him. Every man who has consecrated his life to an ideal larger than he can hope to compass has the kind of faith which moves the world." Of Secretary Taft's address before the Law School on needed reforms in criminal law, which has aroused wide discussion, we shall speak somewhat fully next week. The election of Mr. Payson Merrill, of New York, as a member of the Corporation is especially to be noted because he is the first layman to be made a permanent member, and this fact indicates an important deviation from tradition. At the alumni dinner President Hadley announced that not only had Mr. John D. Rockefeller made a gift of a million dollars to the endowment fund (limited by no condition except that it should be soundly invested and the income only applied to current expenses), but that another million had been subscribed within a comparatively short time by graduates whose names have not yet been made public. The gifts of classes to the endowment fund are also increasing in size, and the plan of securing a permanent fund of five million dollars seems now feasible. The graduating exercises were preceded by the usual procession of alumni, with over three thousand men in line, while degrees were granted to 669 candidates. Among the honorary degrees the one which attracted the most attention was that of Doctor of Music bestowed upon Sir Edward Elgar, "the foremost living musical composer." The recipient was present, and the performance of selections from his works was a pleasing feature of the occasion. Musicians and students of the art will rejoice in this honor done to Sir Edward Elgar. The degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed on Augustus St. Gaudens, "the foremost sculptor of America;" on Edwin Anderson Alderman, "one of the leaders in the broad educational movement now being carried out in the Southern States" (Dr. Alder-

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man, by the way, delivered during the week at New Haven a powerful and finished address on this general topic); and upon Dr. Jacobi and Judge L. B. Colt.

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The Colleges: Harvard

The presence of President Roosevelt to take part in the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Harvard class, and as the honored guest of the University, naturally caused interest to center largely on his utterances. The President spoke informally several times, and at the alumni dinner delivered a vigorous and carefully prepared address upon the functions of the university and the spirit and ideals that should be those of the graduate. Very characteristic were Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on college sports:

> I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy whatever with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton-wool, and I have a hearty contempt for him if he counts a broken arm or collar-bone as of serious consequence when balanced against the chance of showing that he possesses hardihood, physical address, and courage. But when these injuries are inflicted by others, either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted by the question, not of damage to one man's body, but of damage to the other man's character.... It is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life. It is a bad thing to permit sensationalism and hysteria to shape the development of our sports. And, finally, it is a much worse thing to permit college sport to become in any shape or way tainted by professionalism, or by so much as the slightest suspicion of money-making.

Among the needs of the time pointed out by President Roosevelt were better pay for educators, an increase in the number of really high-minded men, recognition that the spirit counts infinitely more than the reward, insistence upon quality in scholarship, avoidance of excessive luxury in the student life, and practical efficiency united to high ideals. On the last point he said:

> This is a rough, workaday, practical world, and if in it we are to do the work best worth doing, we must approach that work in a spirit remote from that of the mere visionary, and, above all, remote from that of the visionary whose aspirations after good find expression only in the shape of scolding and complaining. It shall not help us if we avoid the Scylla of baseness of motive, only to be wrecked on the Charybdis of wrongheadedness, of feebleness and inefficiency.

Secretary Taft and Mr. Bonaparte, the new Secretary of the Navy, shared in Mr. Roosevelt's cordial reception. The announcement was made that by the efforts and generosity of the alumni a permanent fund of $2,400,000 had been secured, the income to be applied to increased payment of the teaching force. Bishop Lawrence, in making this announcement, said that two thousand givers were in the list, and that hundreds of thousands of dollars were given by men who had never been to Harvard, and some of whom had never been to any college. Notable among the honorary degree recipients was Secretary Taft—described as "teacher of law, judge, President of the Philippine Commission, and Secretary of War, and in all these great functions clear-sighted, robust, disinterested, just, and patriotic;" President Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, were also thus honored. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to England, was elected President of the Alumni Association. His speech at the alumni dinner was brilliant in point and humor.

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College Notes

One of the most interesting events among the college anniversaries was the celebration at Brown University of the semi-centenary of a continuous professorship in that institution by Dr. Albert Harkness, the distinguished Greek scholar and author of text-books which are among the best known and most used in the world.—— Wellesley graduated this year 205 students, its largest class. The address on Commencement Day was delivered by President Hyde, of Bowdoin, who took as his title "Apollo or Midas; the Choice of a College Woman." In his conclusion Dr. Hyde said: "Now that the old aristocracies of Church and State are broken down, let us not rear new aristocracies of wealth and culture to corrupt and embitter both despisers and despised. Economic compulsion quickly

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makes democrats of college men. May you do freely what your college brothers do from compulsion."——At Amherst an interesting special feature was an informal speech by Sir Chen-Tung-Liang-Cheng, the Chinese Minister to the United States, who received a degree from Amherst two years ago. Among the honorary degrees conferred was that of Doctor of Laws upon President Carroll D. Wright, of Clark University.—— "The Abundant Life" was the topic of the Phi Beta Kappa address at Dartmouth, delivered by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California. Dr. Wheeler commented on the "portentously numerous class of Americans whose money has torn them away from the ordinary standards of home and civic life, created a new set of conditions for them and made them its servants."——At Oberlin College also the misuse of wealth and of business methods in order to gain wealth was the subject of the address by Mr. James B. Dill before the graduating class.

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College Athletic Events

Last week occurred not only the Commencements of Harvard and Yale and several smaller colleges, but the usual athletic events that mark the close of the college year. On the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, on Wednesday, crews of Cornell, Syracuse, Georgetown, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin met in a four-mile boat race. The race between these six crews has taken place annually for five years. For the first three years Cornell won, but last year Syracuse was the victor. This time the contest soon resolved itself into two races. In one of them the Cornell crew had no real competitor, crossing the finish line a quarter of a mile ahead of the foremost boat among her rivals. The other race was won by the Syracuse boat, with Georgetown second, and Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin following in that order. Races were also rowed between freshmen and four-oared crews from the same colleges. In the former Syracuse won almost as easily as in the 'varsity race, while in the latter the Syracuse crew beat Cornell after a hard fight. On Thursday, at New London, the Yale 'varsity crew won the annual boat race from Harvard for the sixth consecutive time. The contest was, however, much closer than it has been for a half-dozen years, the Yale boat crossing the line less than three-quarters of a length ahead of its rival. It was one of the finest races ever seen on the Thames. In the freshmen race and four-oared races which were rowed before the 'varsity race, Harvard was the winner. At both Poughkeepsie and New London the weather was perfect, and the gay crowds of spectators on observation trains, yachts, and smaller boats had nothing to mar their enjoyment. The decisive game of baseball in the series between Princeton, Harvard, and Yale was won by Yale against Harvard, at New Haven on Tuesday of last week. It was notable, not so much because this was the first time in seven years that Yale has won from Harvard, as because the game gave the occasion for a wonderfully picturesque outdoor spectacle. Some twelve thousand people filled the enormous stands, and, in addition to the ordinary gay and noisy features of a college ball game, were treated to a remarkable costume parade with all manner of shifting evolutions and semi-dances. The younger graduates returning for their reunions had adopted singular forms of dress, such as kilts and kimonos, and while these costumes were individually frankly grotesque, in the mass they were eminently brilliant as to color and spectacular effect.

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Endowing Higher Education

The specific gift of a million dollars to Yale University by Mr. John D. Rockefeller is followed by that of ten millions contributed by the same donor for the more general purpose of aiding in higher education throughout the country. This is one of the largest gifts, if not the largest gift, to the cause of education made by one person at one time and to one recipient body. This munificent fund will be administered by the General Education Board, which is doing, as The Outlook lately phrased it, an educational work second in importance to none in

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the United States. While in the past the field of work of this organization has been largely in the South, its charter provided for the extension of its work throughout the United States without distinction, and the new endowment will permit the General Education Board to carry out this intention. It has, indeed, already made a careful and systematic study of educational conditions and needs in various States, and is therefore ready to enter intelligently upon the wider paths. As our readers know, the Board is under the direction as Chairman of Mr. Robert C. Ogden, and includes among its members George Foster Peabody, Wallace Buttrick, Daniel C. Gilman, Morris K. Jesup, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, William R. Harper, and several other men of undoubted force and executive ability. Mr. Rockefeller requires only that the principal of the fund should be held in perpetuity, and broadly provides that the income may be used in any amounts, for any institutions, for any purposes, and under any conditions and ways that the General Education Board may deem best adapted to promote a comprehensive system of higher education in the United States. It is announced on the part of the General Board that it will be applied generally to colleges as distinguished from universities, that denominational schools may be the recipients but without favor to any special denomination, and that in distributing the fund those institutions will be favored which have local constituencies sufficiently strong to insure permanence and power. The General Education Board is not merely a distributing organization, but an educational clearing-house between people who wish to make gifts for education or obtain information about educational conditions on the one hand and the actual work of educational institutions on the other. It encourages the principle of self-help, furthers the establishment of training-schools for teachers, co-operates with other organizations interested in educational work, and educates public opinion by reports and articles. No better organization could possibly be found for precisely the purposes which Mr. Rockefeller has in view.

International Sunday-School Convention

Upwards of eighteen hundred delegates, representing 14,127,541 scholars and teachers in North America, assembled at the International Sunday-School Convention in Toronto last week. The gathering was marked by the very outspoken good will between the two lands, the prominence of leading public men in Sunday-school work, and the sustained enthusiasm in all the sessions. "Winning a generation" was the general theme of the Convention. A plea for this was made by Bishop Vincent at the opening session, when the broad, comprehensive, all-round character of the Church school was outlined. Temperance and missionary work was strongly emphasized, and great stress laid upon the importance of well-trained and efficient teachers. The negro problem was earnestly discussed, and no speakers were more cordially received than those of the colored race. The proposition to institute an optional advanced course of study evoked the most animated debate of the Convention, and was carried by a vote of 617 to 601. The good sense and feeling of the minority then prevailed, and concurrence was made practically unanimous. Written examinations found great favor, while it was felt that much might be done in the colleges and universities in adding to the efficiency of the schools. The project of a great International Sunday-School Building, costing two million dollars, was considered, and held in abeyance for another year. The financial pledges for the work of the interim were larger than ever before, amounting to $75,000. The Hon. Justice Maclaren, of Toronto, was chosen President, and Louisville, Kentucky, the place of the next meeting.

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Daily Vacation Bible Schools for Tenement Children

Half a million children between five and fourteen years old live in the tenement districts of New York City. For many of them the vacation schools controlled by the Board of Education of the metropolis, and the fresh-air funds of newspapers, charities, and churches, provide summer education and recrea-

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tion. These agencies, however, are inadequate to protect and save all the children from the discomforts of the vacation season when the little ones must needs be turned out into heated and unwholesome streets. To meet this need, so far as it can, the New York City Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations has instituted a Vacation Bible School Department. This department will utilize two forces. First, it appeals to the thousands of Christian young men and women who, having shared in the culture and uplift of colleges and seminaries, are now free to engage in some effort to impart that uplift to the less favored. Secondly, the department will utilize thirteen church buildings in crowded tenement districts—the Pro-Cathedral, the Dewitt and Judson Memorials, the Phelps Mission, Christ Chapel, etc. During July and August these buildings are to be open five mornings a week. In each building there will be a superintendent and two assistants. A certain time will be given to a Bible story suitable for children, and to the singing of carefully chosen hymns. Another period of time will be given to industrial work for both girls and boys; the girls will learn the Teachers' College system of sewing, while the boys will learn basketry and hammock-making. Once a week a talk will be given to the children on "What to do Before the Doctor Comes," or first aid to the injured, and once a week on "How to Keep the Doctor Away," or personal hygiene. These lectures are in charge of a physician who has also a general oversight as to health in all the schools. The Rev. R. C. Boville has instituted and organized the whole plan, having a just confidence that the highest type of young men and women can be enthusiastically enlisted in practical work of this character. Indeed, he has students available and church buildings offered for more than thirteen schools, and could as easily open twenty if funds were forthcoming. The additional schools should be opened, and will be, if sufficient contributions are sent to Mr. Harvey E. Fisk, Treasurer, 11 Broadway, New York City. Other cities may well find in this plan a model for imitation.

Summer Mission Conferences

As usual, this summer there are to be held numerous vacation conferences; many of them will be composed of men and women engaged in religious and philanthropic work. They are an indication that the abnormal and morbid which was once conspicuous if not prevalent in the life of many devoted people is becoming negligible. Mental cultivation and bodily development are fast becoming not only associated with moral and spiritual effort, but in many places are regarded as requisite to any effort that is really wholesome. This view of the matter is purely modern—scarcely older, in fact, than the twentieth century. "Muscular Christianity" was as one-sided as the evangelical and tractarian forms of asceticism from which it revolted. Until lately, intellectual, athletic, and spiritual interests were supposed to be incompatible. The Young People's Missionary movement, "born of an oppressive sense of the need for trained leaders" for the young people participating in the Sunday-schools and young people's societies, had its origin at Silver Bay, Lake George, New York, at a Conference in July, 1902. Here the spiritual life was promoted by intensifying the common interests and purposes of those engaged in religious work, all such activities being recognized as mission work. The intellectual life was promoted by the discussion of methods, by the recognition of what modern scholarship has brought to knowledge of the Bible, and by the study of the subject of missions, ancient and modern. The physical life was recognized by the provision of wholesome recreation and beautiful environment. The movement thus arising is the servant of existing organizations. It has an executive board composed of the secretaries of fifteen denominational boards, who together determine its policy and direct its activity. It prepares, for instance, programmes for "Missionary Days" in the Sunday-schools and young people's societies, text-books for systematic mission study, and the like. It holds each year conferences for the training of leaders. Six of these have already been held, with results that have been concrete and

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definite. Two such conferences were planned for the present summer—one for leaders at Asheville, North Carolina, which was held June 23 to July 3, and of which some account is given on another page; and one for "missionary workers" in general, July 21–30, at Silver Bay.

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Professor Beet and His Book

In voluntarily retiring from his chair in the Wesleyan College at Richmond, near London, Professor J. Agar Beet has put an end to conditions which The Outlook has criticised as at war with the absolute sincerity demanded of Christian teachers. In 1902, as our readers may recollect, a sharp controversy in the Wesleyan Church concerning Dr. Beet's orthodoxy imperiled his re-election to the chair in which he had attained distinction as the foremost exegetical scholar in that Church. In his book, "The Last Things," he had held that the New Testament does not really teach such widely believed doctrines as the endless existence of every soul, the endless suffering of the wicked, nor their extinction, but that what ultimately becomes of these is left in a mystery on which dogmatizing is unwarrantable. The antagonism which this provoked endangered the unity of the Church, as well as Dr. Beet's re-election, but the crisis was averted by a concession. Upon his promising not to teach or preach the obnoxious doctrines, the Conference re-elected him by somewhat less than a three-fifths vote. In view of the criticism which this, as a disingenuous proceeding, received in The Outlook at the time (August 23, 1902), equally positive and public commendation is due to Dr. Beet's extrication of himself from a false position. It is also due to him to record his recent statement, in a farewell address, that he accepted the compromise with the distinct understanding that he was agreeing to merely temporary silence, for the sake of harmony in the Church. But when he considered that the temporary need had passed, and so had asked liberty to republish his book, a fresh storm of opposition had left him no other course but to vacate his chair. The attempt to suppress his book he stigmatized as worthy only of the Roman Church and the dark ages. That manliness and candor need reinforcement among the Wesleyan clergy is clear from Dr. Beet's statement that his resignation was at once accepted without a word of regret; though, if some of the brethren had had the courage to say in committee and in the Conference what they had said to him privately, all would have been changed. The Church is certainly to be pitied which on such grounds prefers to part with such a teacher. A new edition of his book is promised toward the end of this year. What the obscurantist party has gained is hard to see.

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John Hay

Some years ago a gentleman in London called at the American Embassy and asked to see the Ambassador. "I really can't say whether 'e's in, sir," replied the doorkeeper, "'e slips in and out so quiet-like."

This expressed John Hay's manner. Bold as was often his diplomatic course, always vigorous and virile as were his words, his manner was that of one whose *fortiter in re* never omitted the *suaviter in modo*. This quiet, gentle self-possession he shared with his great chief, Lincoln. Born in Salem, Indiana, sixty-seven years ago, John Hay was graduated from Brown University with high rank; he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln's home. In 1861 he accompanied the new President to Washington as private secretary, and to the end of Lincoln's life maintained almost filial relations with him. In those years at Washington Mr. Hay's native qualities—a high sense of honor, courage, self-possession, serenity, candor, firmness—were emphasized, as was natural, for he found the same qualities in his chief. Mr. Hay also acted as the President's adjutant and aide-de-camp, serving for a time in the field and receiving the brevet of Colonel. After Lincoln's assassination Colonel Hay was Secretary of Legation in various European capitals. During this period he obtained familiarity with languages and an intimate knowledge of affairs and people. To

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all this his "Castilian Days" is as much of a witness as are his "Pike County Ballads" to his observation of American life and his intense sympathy with that life. From 1870 to 1875 Mr. Hay was one of the editors of the New York "Tribune," and Horace Greeley regarded him as the most brilliant writer who had ever entered the office. During the Hayes Administration Colonel Hay was First Assistant Secretary of State. Following this he returned to the "Tribune" as its editor-in-chief and, in conjunction with Mr. Nicolay, began a peculiarly important literary work, the Life of Lincoln, which was at once recognized as the standard authority. Mr. Hay took an increasingly active part in politics, in which he had now a new personal tie by reason of his intimacy with another martyred President, Garfield. On the election of President McKinley, Mr. Hay was appointed Ambassador to London. To his diplomacy Great Britain's friendly attitude during the Spanish War is largely due. At that time all Europe regarded America with some jealousy and not a little distrust. The Continental Powers even suggested to England a joint demonstration off the Cuban coast. The British Premier's reply, as reported, was: "Yes, I was myself thinking of an English naval demonstration—but in company with America."

When Colonel Hay relinquished his duties as Ambassador to England, a prominent English statesman said of him that he had accomplished twice as much during two years as had ever any American envoy during a longer tenure of office. Mr. Hay left London to accept promotion to the Secretaryship of State. The Spanish War had just been brought to a close. Despite Dewey's epoch-making victory, our title to the position of a world power was not yet conceded. The settlement of the complicated issues brought about by the war was difficult. Mr. Hay executed that commission with credit, but the full extent of his service in this connection, we think, will only be appreciated years hence.

In 1899 occurred another war. Prior to this, as it suited her convenience, England had ranged herself on either side of the question as to whether foodstuffs in transit to an enemy's ports were to be considered contraband of war. In the advancement of a humane view of the question, America fortunately had as Secretary one who had already done much to stimulate Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Hay persuaded England to accept a general declaration that foodstuffs, though in transit to an enemy's ports, are not contraband of war when there is evidence that the food is not intended for the enemy's military uses. The weakest country, therefore, though at war with the greatest sea power—England herself—may invoke the justice of the guarantee secured by Mr. Hay.

In the following year the American Secretary won what seems to us an even greater triumph. For years England had vainly striven to obtain a joint agreement among the Powers that Chinese ports shall remain open on equal terms to the trade of all nations. Mr. Hay obtained it, and the term "open door" will always be indissolubly associated with his name.

The next year occurred the Boxer Rebellion—an event long foreseen by the Secretary. Alone among diplomats he was prepared for it. His instant course of action startled those other diplomats. Opposing them all, Mr. Hay stood for the recognition and maintenance of the Chinese Government at a time when that Government was in hiding and practically non-existent. Of course it was for the selfish interests of the Powers to disregard the Chinese Government. They wanted to partition China among themselves. But the ambition of all Europe was checked by the firmness of one quiet gentleman. He had already insured Chinese commercial integrity; he was to insure Chinese territorial integrity. It was not done without difficulty. By secret agreements Russia endeavored to impose herself upon a humiliated people, and by open acts of barbarity the more civilized Powers instituted hardly less outrageous punitive expeditions. Mr. Hay's disapproval was so great that he advised the Administration to withdraw from "concurrent

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action" with the Powers in China, and to take away our troops. This threat was not unavailing, but the irritated Powers then began a policy of unwarranted delay in evacuation. Finally Mr. Hay secured evacuation, and, what is more, on the terms of the original protocol.

A book would be required properly to recount all the services to his country and to humanity of this lamented Secretary of State. He was one of the most efficient agents in advancing international arbitration, and in bringing about the Hague Conference and the Hague Tribunal. His name, however, is more popularly attached to the Hay-Pauncefote and the Hay-Herbert Treaties, the first supplanting the unjust Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the second settling the Alaskan question. Europe will not soon forget Mr. Hay's vigorous representation to the Russian and Rumanian Governments as to their treatment of the Jews, nor will our own people forget his negotiation of reciprocity treaties with Cuba and Newfoundland. Last year Mr. Hay reaffirmed this Government's position by sending to all the Powers a circular-note; he declared that the administrative entity of China during the Russo-Japanese war must be respected. The result has been, as he hoped, an immense gain to humanity in limiting the field of war operations. As to the Monroe Doctrine, while Mr. Hay forced England, Germany, and Italy to cease attacking Venezuela, since they were likely to come into conflict with that doctrine, he always recognized the fact that just European claims in this hemisphere must be protected, and hence had a treaty framed with Santo Domingo providing for American supervision of the island's finances until all foreign debts should be paid. He made that doctrine a greater issue than ever by his course in connection with an isthmian canal and with Panama.

John Hay's name will go down into history as the founder of the new American diplomacy. It is no mere coincidence that this new diplomacy and America's position as a world power came into being at the same time. While Dewey's shot at Manila announced the fact of an expansion to a startled world, the question is a fair one whether America could have maintained its new position but for the inauguration of a new policy of ideal rather than of material ends and of broader frankness in meeting those ends. No matter, as was inevitable, how many subsidiary details might have to be kept secret, John Hay discussed with the whole world the aims toward which he had instituted his negotiations. He had nothing to conceal, personally or politically.

As a public speaker Mr. Hay well illustrated the Roman proverb, "Character makes the orator." His speeches were models of force, vivacity, humor, candor, and good taste, it is true. But the hearer instinctively felt that in the speaker could be found an ideal beyond the ideal of the ordinary politician. For John Hay never worked for the good of the American people alone. He labored for the good of all peoples. His rule of conduct was, as he often said, the Golden Rule. Unless our progress meant universal progress it was not worth much. Hence the world is freer and finer, as well as richer and better, because he lived in it. Of course now that he is gone from our earthly sight the world lacks the charm and power of his personality. But he has put his own fiber into humanity, and that enriched humanity cannot die.

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Loyalty in Public Service

It is evident that Mr. John F. Wallace does not think that a good name is more to be desired than great riches. He would rather bequeath to his children what he can save out of a $60,000 income than leave them a reputation acquired as the director of the greatest engineering feat the world has ever accomplished. If this question had been an open one between the two posts, the choice might be regarded simply as a matter of taste, and matters of personal taste are not matters for public discussion. But surely there is a value in loyalty not to be bartered away for dollars. A fair-minded maid would hardly desert her mistress, at a critical period in housekeeping affairs,

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and without notice, in order to go where she could get easier work and better wage. That a man of Mr. Wallace's supposed standing can bring himself to do what in analogous conditions a housemaid could not do without dishonor speaks but ill for the standards of honor which are cultivated in certain schools of commercialism. Judge Taft's perfectly lucid description of this transaction is the more scathing because it was uttered in a personal interview direct to Mr. Wallace's face, because its heat of indignation was phrased in carefully restrained language, and because he had himself in time past afforded so fine an illustration of his own sense of loyalty by declining an appointment to the Supreme Court Bench, which was the summit of his ambition, in order to remain with the Filipinos until his work with them was completed. If Mr. Wallace's very vague allusions to other than financial reasons refer, as some of the papers seem to think, to his dread of yellow fever, the reader will hardly fail to recall that Mr. Taft's decision to remain in the Philippines was at the hazard of his health if not of his life, nor to realize that a brave man does not desert his post because it involves danger.

Mr. Wallace's resignation is not to be regretted by the country. If his ideals of loyalty are such as this incident indicates, he is not the man to be put in charge of such a work as the construction of the Panama Canal. Happily for the country, they meet with no approval from any quarter. We have not seen report of any eminent defender of his course. The rumor that the mysterious offer of $60,000 a year came from the Interborough Rapid Transit Company meets with an indignant disclaimer from its President, Mr. Belmont. "The Interborough Company," he says, "does not make a practice of buying men from their engagements; it seeks to secure those who are willing to enter its service in a spirit of loyalty and who will remain and will serve its interests and identify their future with it; and, above all, it will not go into the Government service to that service's detriment and take away its best instruments, but will continue its efforts exclusively to build and manage transportation in Greater New York with the best material it can fairly and honorably command." The judgment of Mr. Wallace's action implied in these words is, so far as we can judge, that of the country at large. We believe that the incident will not be without value in emphasizing the truth that a public office is a public trust, neither to be sought for the sake of personal aggrandizement nor to be carelessly thrown aside whenever it involves personal risks or private enterprise offers to personal ambition a more enticing opportunity.

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A Religious Reformation

The reader of the very interesting autobiographical sketch of the process of "Making Americans of Russian Jews," printed on another page, may not unnaturally question whether, in acquiring prosperity, the Jew is not losing religion, and so sacrificing the spiritual for the material. He is, however, in truth, rather reverting to the simpler and more vital faith of his forefathers. That faith identified morals and religion, and knew neither an unreligious morality nor an unmoral religion. Its most ancient code, the Ten Commandments, summed up all obligations in two—reverence for God and respect for one's neighbor. The prophets repeated the same message in many an utterance akin to that of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" The post-exilic Psalmist reiterated the same message: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully; he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

When the ethical element is dropped out of religion, and it becomes a mere expression of reverence for God, without any accompanying regard for humanity, the spiritual element soon follows the ethical, and the liturgy degenerates into a meaningless formalism. When a reaction comes, a true spiritual faith is not

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ordinarily imparted into the lifeless formalism; that formalism is discarded altogether, and the whole strength of the life is, for the time, put into the recognition and enforcement of ethical obligation. Such appears to be the case in America at the present time, and this reaction is not confined to Jewish communities. There is, however, no real necessity for choosing between an unethical formalism and an unreligious humanitarianism, between religious life and ethical culture. In such a time the first duty of the teacher, whether he is a Jewish rabbi, a Christian minister, or a College Settlement worker, is to make it clear, by both his life and his teaching, that there is no inconsistency between reverence for God and regard for one's fellow-men. He is not, on the one hand, to stamp with disapproval "mere morality," nor, on the other, to treat religious feeling with indifference. Ethical principles are given power over conduct by religious feeling; religious feeling is valuable only as it inspires to righteous conduct. "We are divided," says Professor Huxley, "into two parties—the advocates of so-called 'religious' teaching on the one hand, and those of so-called 'secular' teaching on the other. And both parties seem to me to be not only hopelessly wrong, but in such a position that if either succeeded completely, it would discover before many years were over that it had made a great mistake and done serious evil to the cause of education." It is only as this evil is avoided, only as ethical culture and religious emotion are combined, only as a regard for the welfare of our neighbor is reinforced by a feeling of loyalty and reverence to God, and only as reverence for God is directed into channels of practical service of man, that education is made adequate and a practically powerful moral character is produced. Man is "incurably religious," and it is only as "the great humanitarian movements for industrial and social betterment" are inspired "with something like the enthusiasm of the ancient prophets," which was a profoundly religious enthusiasm, that they will be either radically beneficial or permanently powerful.

Chinese Exclusion

Mr. Chester Holcombe is an authority on Chinese affairs, and his article on another page is commended to the careful consideration of our readers. It is very clear that we cannot subject the Chinese travelers to insult and indignity at our ports and expect China to open her ports to our commerce. America must either abandon all hope of developing commerce with China or treat Chinamen with respect. The American politician must choose between the anti-Chinese labor vote, whatever that may be, and the commercial vote. California must either insist that Chinamen coming to our country are treated as other aliens are treated, or she must see closed the door the opening of which promised to make the Pacific coast as great a maritime coast as the Atlantic, and San Francisco the commercial peer of New York.

There is one objection to Chinese immigration to which Mr. Holcombe does not refer; we regard it as the only really serious objection. It is the coolie labor system. Under this system the coolie is under obligation to labor at a specified rate of wages for a specified term of years. The contract is supposedly voluntary. But by this contract the coolie signs away his liberty for the time, and the American doctrine is that liberty is inalienable. A large proportion of the laborers who emigrate from China are coolies, furnished by Chinese trading companies, to whom they have thus sold themselves for a definite term —generally, we believe, five years. The Constitution of the United States provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The Attorney-General of the United States, in a well-considered opinion, given in June, 1905, to the Secretary of War, holds that coolie contract labor is involuntary servitude within the meaning of this Constitutional prohibition. The decision of the United States Supreme Court respecting peonage indicates that if the coolie contract system were brought before that Court it

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would sustain the Attorney-General. The facts which the Attorney-General gives respecting these coolie contracts, and the way in which they operate in other countries, abundantly justify his conclusion. It is, then, quite clear that, under the Constitution of the United States, contract coolie labor cannot be imported into the United States, nor into any territory under the jurisdiction of the United States. It cannot be employed in the construction of the Panama Canal, nor permitted in Hawaii or the Philippines. If, as recent reports indicate, the Chinese boycott is due to America's refusal to allow the introduction of such "involuntary servitude" into our dependencies, it must be overcome by some other method than yielding to the Chinese demand and permitting by legislation what our Constitution forbids Congress to permit. But if the importation of contract coolie labor can be prevented, there would be no peril from such individual immigration as would continue. Chinese laborers have not the money to find their own way to this country, nor the initiative to attempt such a migration in any such numbers as to constitute an economic peril.

With this qualification, The Outlook agrees heartily with the principles laid down by Mr. Holcombe. Immigration to the United States ought to be sifted. Possibly there are details in which the regulation of Asiatic and European immigration should differ. But fundamentally the same principles should govern. The Administration would render a great and a greatly needed service to the country if it could formulate those principles in some well-considered platform to be presented and urged upon Congress. A mere executive order directing care and consideration in the administration of the present law is not enough. We shall not attempt here to suggest such a scheme. But we are clear that it ought to include the following basic principles:

I. Substantially the same rules to be applied on the Pacific and on the Atlantic coast, to Asiatic and to European immigrants.

II. No laborer allowed to come into the country under any obligation, express or implied, which limits or would seem to him to limit his freedom. Only free laborers to be admitted.

III. Only such to be admitted as afford a reasonable prospect of eventually adding, as in the main the immigration of the past has added, to the moral and intellectual as well as to the material wealth of the country.

IV. Whatever tests are employed should be applied at the port of debarkation, not at the port of entry. Some system analogous to a passport system should be devised and put in operation; proper safeguards should be put around the granting of such passports or certificates; then he who possesses one should be allowed to land unless there is special reason to believe that it has been dishonestly obtained.

This country has at present no well-considered system for the regulation of immigration. The laws and regulations are a patchwork, largely due to successive ebullitions of prejudice or of class interest. To devise a comprehensive system accordant with American principles, and adapted to promote National, not class or local, welfare, is a work which demands the highest qualities of statesmanship and is demanded by the imperative needs of the Nation.

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Forgetting the Past

You look back upon a wasted life. You cannot say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Your life has been a succession of surrenders; you have won no race, pursued no ideal; you have been disloyal to yourself, to your friends, to your God. The refrain of your heart as you look back is, I have done the things I ought not to have done, and I have left undone the things I ought to have done. If you only could live your life over again! but you cannot. If you only could erase that past, even though you could not substitute for it a worthier record! but you cannot do that. If you only could bear yourself the evils of your own wrong-doing, and lift from others all the consequences of your own self-indulgence!

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but you cannot even do that. The past can never be changed.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

That is true—profoundly, terribly true. It were better if we realized it while still the page of life lies open fair and clear before us. You cannot alter the past; not even God can alter it. It is what it is, and must forever so remain.

But God can bring good out of our evil; and he constantly does. If a brave man had been in the palace in St. Petersburg when the unarmed workingmen marched to present their petition to their Little Father, he would have given them audience, said some words of human sympathy to them, perhaps made some well-meant but illusory promises, and sent them back to their homes for another half-century of patient waiting. Because he was a coward, and his counselors were cruel men, the workingmen's petition was answered with ball and saber, and the revolutionary cause received its baptism of blood. By the Czar's criminal folly the cause of liberty in Russia was put forward half a century. If Queen Victoria had been reigning sovereign in 1776, and if Lord Chatham had been Prime Minister, the difficulties between England and her American colonies might have been adjusted, and America might have been an English colony still. That she is an independent world power is partly due to the wrongheadedness of George III. and the complaisant, place-hunting spirit of Lord North. If Leo X. had been a Pius IX. or a Leo XIII., probably Luther would not have left the Church of Rome, and the Reformation might have waited for another half-century. The criminal blindness of a stupidly wicked Pope gave birth to the Reformation. Tetzel was scarcely less its father than was Luther. The ambition of Caiaphas, the treachery of Judas Iscariot, the cowardice of Pilate, combined in the crucifixion. Out of the most awful crimes ever enacted in the world's history God has brought forth the world's redemption.

The wrong that we have done we cannot undo. It is worse than idle for us to waste the present time in vain regrets over the unalterable past. We are to learn its lesson; then we should leave it with Him who can and does bring good out of our evil, and should turn our thoughts resolutely toward the future. The past is God's; give it to Him. The present is ours; the future we can make our own. And this is what He bids us do. Forget those things which are behind; press forward toward the prize that lies in the future: this is the message of His Gospel.

This is what Christ means by the saying, "Ye must be born again." There is an Oriental philosophy which affirms that we have come into this life out of a pre-existent state, and that our sins and sufferings here are a consequence of our sins in that past life. Perhaps this is true. But if it is, that life is for us gone—absolutely gone. It is as if it had never been. We are born again, and begin a new life with new opportunities. "Ye must be born again" is a promise even more than a law: we *can* be born again, and in that new birth may forget the past and give ourselves unreservedly to the future. What else is the meaning of the parable of sleep? Every night our life comes to a close. We may look back, recall the errors and sins of the day, that we may learn the lesson which they have for us; but then, whether we will or no, we must for a few hours forget them. Why recall them again when we awake? Let us blot them out of the book of our remembrance, as God blots them out of his book, and begin a new life with a new day. He turns for us the page of our life, and gives a new white page on which to write. Let us not try to turn back and rewrite yesterday's page. We cannot; why should we endeavor to do so? Let us leave that with Him, and give all our energy to making clean the page that lies before us. The burden of our past He has taken upon Himself; we do nothing to lighten that burden by vainly trying to share it with Him. And we need all our strength to bear the burdens which we can bear, and fulfill the duties which still lie before us awaiting fulfillment.

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The Question of Chinese Exclusion[1]

By Chester Holcombe

Formerly Secretary of the American Legation at Peking and member of the Chinese Immigration Commission of 1880

AFTER more than twenty years of patient endurance, almost unbroken by protest, the Chinese Government has seen fit to raise objections to an offensive discrimination against such of its people as seek to enter this country. Many months ago it filed with the State Department a formal denunciation of an existing Convention which authorized the United States to suppress Chinese labor immigration. By that act the Convention became null and void upon December 8, 1904. Since that date efforts have been made by Secretary of State Hay to negotiate a new immigration treaty with the Chinese Minister at Washington, and thus to secure assent to continued restrictive action upon our part. But those efforts have failed and been abandoned, and are, it is understood, to be renewed at Peking. Meanwhile the enforcement of our laws and regulations forbidding the entrance of Chinese labor is continued.

Just here attention should be called to a legal point which may require judicial interpretation and decision in our courts. As has been said, the treaty of 1894 is no longer in force. That was a substitute for and took the place of a far less drastic treaty upon the same subject concluded and signed November 17, 1880. If this later agreement superseded the earlier and rendered it inoperative, then the United States is devoid of power and authority to prevent the immigration of Chinese laborers, and every act in that direction taken since December 8, 1904, has been illegal because unconstitutional. Because of its own motion and by its own desire, the United States bound itself by a treaty with China, concluded at Washington July 4, 1868, which is known as the Burlingame Treaty, and which is unquestionably still in force, to recognize the inalienable right of every human being to change his country of residence and nationality of his own free will and at his pleasure. It was precisely this broad and fundamental assertion, agreed to by the United States and the Emperor of China, that made the later treaties necessary to any restrictive legislation. If they have ceased to exist, this earlier enunciated principle binds us and opens our country wide to all Chinese who may see fit to enter. Any interference on our part is in violation of the supreme law of the land.

In the negotiation of the original immigration treaty the Chinese authorities met us with equal candor and courtesy, yielded to a request which they confessed themselves unable to understand or appreciate, and which could not be other than disagreeable to them, since it opened the way to refusal of a privilege to their people which was granted to men of every other nationality. They urged only two conditions: first, that the inhibition of labor immigration should be temporary; and, second, that the laws and regulations for the enforcement of exclusion should be reasonable. It is understood that the recent failure of negotiations at Washington is not due to a refusal of China to any further restraint of Chinese labor immigration, but practically to insistence on the part of the Chinese Minister for the application of the second condition inserted in the treaty of 1880. In other words, he has persisted in a demand for fairer, more liberal, and less offensive discrimination against his people, and, in particular, for a more accurate and just definition within the treaty of what is to be held to constitute a laborer. This is only reasonable and right. Since it is he alone whom it is proposed to exclude from our soil, he should be so accurately defined and described, and the terms of the pro-

[1] An editorial on this subject will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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posed treaty and all statutes and regulations under it so explicitly drawn, that other classes of Chinese, who are admittedly free to come and go as they will, should not be confused with him or subjected to delay, outrage, and insult, as they have been to a most disgraceful extent.

In point of fact, the policy of the Government, from the outset of the agitation of the labor question upon the Pacific coast, has been unstatesmanlike and unworthy of a great nation. Because other alien laborers within our borders raised a hue and cry against the Chinese, guilty of no fault but that of industry, and stirred up riots and mobs against them, we proceeded to discriminate against and to exclude from the privileges of this country, not the leaders and perpetrators of violence and disorder, but the victims of it. While we have welcomed, sheltered, and admitted to privileges of citizenship peoples of every other nationality, among whom were to be found almost exclusively the disturbers of the peace against the Chinese, we have punished rather than protected the inoffensive sufferers. It goes without saying that statesmanship such as that requires radical revision. Having secured the consent of the Government of China to a restriction of labor immigration which should be, by the terms of our agreement, both temporary and reasonable, drastic statutes and regulations were provided and enforced which disregarded all of the limitations of the treaty, and were equally an insult to the Chinese and a disgrace to us as a Nation. It is no injustice to these provisions to describe them as lunatic legislation. Under them every Chinaman, whether laborer, merchant, traveler, or student, who entered any of our ports has either been held on board ship or committed to a pen, and practically dubbed a criminal until he was able to prove his innocence. While all of the classes named except the first are as free to enter this land as American citizens are to enter China, each of every class has practically been charged with an unlawful attempt to violate the labor exclusion law, and the burden of proof as to his innocence and his right to enter has been forced upon him. The "Rogues' Gallery" of photographic identification and the Bertillon system of measurements of criminals have been applied to Chinese who are criminal in no sense other than such an appreciation of this land as has led to a desire to come here. No intelligent and fair-minded man can justify or excuse such a perversion of any reasonable restriction, such an abuse of a privilege granted us by the authorities of China, against their own national pride and to the disadvantage of their people. More than this, one can hardly fail to sympathize heartily with the Chinese Minister in his refusal to assent to any further enforcement of such abusive and degrading methods of restriction. Our own National honor and good name require that they be put an end to at once and forever.

The excuse given for our peculiar regulations and almost brutal methods of the identification of individual Chinese is that "all Chinamen look alike, and the average American official cannot distinguish one from another." This is both absurd and childish. If it be really true, and if there are no persons in this land of sufficiently keen eyesight and discriminative powers to enable them to identify the persons of different Chinese, then we will do well to abandon all efforts at Chinese exclusion, and the rather invite them here without exception as being keener, wiser, and sharper than ourselves. If we cannot carry out our policy of discriminative restriction in a dignified and inoffensive manner, it had best be altogether abandoned.

To the authorities and people of China our regulations upon this subject have appeared all the more unjust, inexcusable, and unnecessary because of the fact that for centuries they have possessed a system of class discrimination which is simple, clean cut, and universally understood. The Chinese text of the original exclusion treaty marks plainly the scope of its application, and leaves no point in doubt. While there is no such thing as caste known in the empire, and never has been, the entire mass of the population is ranged or divided into four classes according to the profession, calling, or

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occupation of each, and these have official as well as common recognition. The term "shih, nung, kung, shang" is heard everywhere and seen in all their literature. It names these four classes, in order from the highest to the lowest in their social rank or scale, and is easily translated as "scholars, farmers, laborers, merchants." While this arrangement of gradation may seem strange to us, the Chinese have reasons, sound to them at least, for it. The "shih," educated men or literati, necessarily rank first and highest, since brains or intellect are better than the body. The "nung," embracing all who cultivate the soil, rank only second, because they are producers and hence of high value to every community and the State at large. The "kung," in which class is included all labor, skilled and unskilled, is placed third, because by the use of hands and brains they transform the less useful into what is of greater value and service. Last and lowest of all come the "shang," covering all who are engaged in the immense variety of commercial operations. These are so placed because, thus occupied, they add nothing to the common wealth. They neither produce nor transform, but trade upon the labor and needs of others. They are simply the medium of interchange. In the Chinese text of the original treaty the right granted to regulate, limit, and suspend immigration is confined in specific terms to the "kung" alone, natives of the other three classes being guaranteed freedom to enter or leave this country at their pleasure, and assured of all of the rights and privileges granted to aliens of any other nationality while here.

No one who has caught even a faint glimpse of the intense racial pride of the Chinese, no one who has realized their deep, ever-present, and unqualified conviction, many centuries old, and amply justified by all they had known of other parts of the world until within the past fifty years, that theirs was the choicest spot and they in every regard the royal race in all humanity, can fail to see that our request for the assent of the Imperial Government to an unfavorable discrimination against them, to a line of treatment in sharp contrast with our welcome to men of every other race and honest calling, should have been at once surprising and offensive. While the request was granted without serious objection and with every possible grace, the Chinese held an opinion of its own in reserve concerning our good taste and wisdom. The very grounds of our application constituted a confession of weakness and unwisdom in their minds. We made no charges against the industry, sobriety, or orderliness of their people in our land—could make none—but practically confessed our inability to control and punish violent and lawless attacks of other aliens upon them. Chinese laborers must keep out of our country because those of other nationalities proposed to control our labor market, and were ready forcibly to resent their competition. Strange plea, this! Had such a request been made of our Government upon such grounds, what would have been our feeling and what our answer?

In fairness to ourselves, it may be added that our fears were declared to rest upon the "great and increasing numbers of Chinese who were seeking our shores." But, in fact, during the flood tide of immigration there never were 110,000 Chinese within the boundaries of the country at any one time, nor were there indications of any serious increase of the number. In the face of a total population of 75,000,000 or more, such a handful becomes a mere negligible quantity. Compare it with the present floods, mostly of an undesirable type of labor, from Continental Europe, when twelve thousand immigrants have entered the port of New York in a single day! Among ourselves we sought out and added two other arguments, weak supports to our weak position. First, the Chinese would not assimilate with our people, would not choose homes here and become American citizens. To show how much of sincerity was to be found in that bolster, it is only necessary to point to the facts that, early in the agitation of the Chinese question, a United States judge was found, significantly in California, who decided that, because of a peculiar shade of color, largely whimsical or imaginary, no Chi-

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nese could, under the limitations of the Constitution, become a citizen of the United States. And later, fearing possibly that such a decision might not hold, a special act of Congress was passed forbidding the naturalization of Chinese. For the second support to our position, it was claimed that these people were an injury to the country in that they carried the money out of it; that, remaining here a few years only, they acquired what was to them a fortune, which they carried away and spent in China. To a certain, perhaps a large extent, this is true; but an extended and careful investigation has shown that the average term of labor spent here by the people complained of has exceeded ten years, while the average amount of "wealth" accumulated and removed by each has been considerably less than five hundred dollars. Leaving aside all question of the right of the Government to interfere with any person in the expenditure, where and as he sees fit, of money honestly earned by him here, it must be evident to every reasonable person that, when a balance is struck, the land is largely the gainer by the ten years of industrious labor, even though every dollar of accumulated savings to the Chinaman be carried back to his native land.

While the Chinese are by nature patient and conservative, not stolid, in disposition, their feelings are quick and keen; and both Government and people were aroused into serious displeasure by our policy of discrimination against them. While little or nothing has been said during the past twenty years, no protests filed or active opposition made to our action, except in a few cases of peculiar hardship and injustice perpetrated by our officials in the enforcement of bungling and preposterous statutes and regulations, the feeling of outrage and unfair usage has in no measure lessened. It was asserted in these pages a year or more ago that our "unfair treatment of China in this business will some day return to plague us." That day appears to have dawned.

During all of these years of restricted immigration the Government and people of the United States have endeavored by all fair means to increase our commerce with China. Our efforts have met with marked success. With the single exception of Japan, no other country can show such a large and rapid growth of its trade with that ancient empire as our own. In 1903 it exceeded $40,000,000 in total volume, of which more than $10,000,000 was gained within the preceding five years. Under any wise treatment, and with the maintenance of good relations between the two nations, the opportunities are excellent for an almost unlimited further extension. But the Chinese, though slow, are not forgetful. They have found a cudgel ready to their hands, and apparently now purpose to teach us—what we knew, indeed, but had overlooked in this long course of political bungling—that fair dealing and good fellowship are essential to the growth and prosperity of international commerce. A movement which originated in Shanghai, one of the largest trade centers of the world, has spread throughout China, by which it is proposed to boycott American commerce in retaliation for our exclusion policy of the last twenty years. Meetings to that effect have been held in numerous Chinese cities, resolutions unanimously passed, and arrangements made to secure the concerted action of all merchant guilds throughout the empire. These guilds substantially control the commerce of the nation, both domestic and foreign, and, if they take this matter up in earnest, can speedily reduce our Chinese trade to the most beggarly proportions. And how are they to be blamed for this late but most serious action? They have waited long for a return to kindlier treatment at our hands. Their retort is fair and unanswerable. They say, in effect, to us—"You treat our people as you treat no others. You have boycotted Chinese labor for twenty years; now we will boycott American commerce." The situation is serious. And it need not be expected that protests or smooth words and fair promises will remedy it. The temper and love of fair play to be found in the reasonable people of this land, who are largely in the majority, will not permit us to make use of threats or any form of coercion.

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Even were such attempted they would fail, and only succeed in making a bad matter worse. Nor can the Imperial Government control such a situation. For, in spite of any belief to the contrary, the Chinaman has quite as much of the spirit of true democracy in him as is found in his American fellow, and will carry on his trade where, when, and with whom he sees fit. Let our readers imagine how foolish the Chief Executive of this Nation would be made to appear should he attempt to interfere with the commerce of the country by forbidding any form of discrimination against British, French, or German wares, which might, supposably, have been determined upon by our merchants, and they will thus realize the utter futility of a precisely similar action upon the part of China.

But, most fortunately, in our efforts to meet this retaliatory action, we are not confined to either of these hopeless and really vicious alternatives. Nor need we be forced to concede the free immigration, in unlimited quantities, of Chinese labor. It is not restriction but discrimination which constitutes our offense. Whenever this Government is ready to deal with the would-be immigrant from China as it deals with any other alien of the same class, thus removing from the former an undeserved mark of contempt and disgrace, we shall regain their kindly feeling, and receive the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the Imperial Government in support of any reasonable measures of restriction.

Thus the existing hostility may be removed by taking up and dealing wisely with the question of all labor immigration as one issue, making no exemptions and no discrimination, holding an even hand toward all men, phrasing our laws not according to race but along the broader lines of humanity. From this rule we ought never to have departed. And there is the most pressing demand for immediate and positive action and restriction of all immigration of laborers. That gentle, steady shower of the world's poor, of sturdy workers, which was necessary decades ago, and was gratefully received for the development of the Nation, has degenerated into a veritable cloudburst. Our cities and larger villages are being literally swamped and flooded with enormous volumes of undesirable aliens. Many of them are positively dangerous, and the average of the whole is below what can be considered desirable. Our penal and pauper institutions, our criminal records, are showing the serious results of this unprecedented and unwholesome influx. There is every reason for alarm, and an imperative demand for immediate and general restriction.

Thus it comes about that the removal of the complaint of China will thoroughly coincide with our own needs and interests. We can, for our own good, retain the policy of labor exclusion, and at the same time remove the objectionable discriminative feature. There is no lack of methods, alike wise and inoffensive, for the accomplishment of this necessary end.

As a Nation we have had no lack of startling proofs and illustrations of the fact that leaders of great political parties will drag into partisan politics questions which have no place there, and, in their eagerness for partisan and temporary success, will ignore and often endanger public interests of far broader and more vital concern than that which constitutes the rallying cry and fancied vote-winner for the moment. Such was pre eminently the case with the question of Chinese immigration. The leaders of the two great parties of the Nation were not, at the outset, in favor of Chinese exclusion. Each seized the question as a convenient club against the other in a struggle for political supremacy upon the Pacific coast. Neither then nor since has the best class of citizens favored the policy of the past twenty years, a policy which has clouded our National honor, humiliated and outraged the sense of right of a nation which believed in us, trusted us, and looked to us for fair play and a measure of guidance in the complicated maze of international affairs. Is it not time that our patriotic and high-minded citizens should withdraw this question from the hands of political leaders and parties, and should make it their personal business to see it handled in a spirit of broad statesmanship rather than as a club and vote winner?

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THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

XI.—Saps, Mines, and Assaults

SO far as I was able to judge, with the opportunities that I had for observation, the Russians in Port Arthur made the most serious and disastrous of their many mistakes when they allowed the Japanese to get a foothold and to intrench themselves on the edges of the moats in front of Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and the North Fort of Keekwan. It was perfectly evident, when I reached the front in October, that the besiegers aimed to break through the eastern sector of the defensive line between the railway and Takushan, and it was equally clear that they could not possibly succeed unless they got near enough to attack the forts with tunnels and mines. General Stoessel, therefore, should have concentrated all his fire upon the heads of the slowly advancing trenches, and should have used any amount of ammunition, and sacrificed any number of men, in a resolute and persistent attempt to keep his assailants at a distance and prevent them from effecting a lodgment on the edges of the moats. Instead, however, of doing this, he threw shells, in what seemed to me an aimless and useless way, all over the extensive field; wasted an immense amount of ammunition in bombarding well-protected Japanese batteries on the other side of the valley; and, finally, permitted the remnants of three weak storming parties to gain a foothold, and eventually to establish themselves, in positions from which they were able to carry on sapping and mining operations against the most important forts in the whole line. I saw the first Japanese party reach the moat of Sungshushan, and dig a shelter for itself there, in the general assault of October 30; and I am quite sure that it did not comprise more than a quarter of a company. To say that the Russians could not have dislodged or destroyed such a force seems to me absurd. A single battalion, marching around from the gorge of the fort, outside the moat, might have overwhelmed this handful of men, long before their comrades in the front parallel could have come to their assistance. The counter-attack, it is true, might have involved heavy loss; but it would have been well worth while to lose two or three hundred men for the sake of clearing the glacis. The fort could not possibly be taken by assault, and the all-important thing was to prevent the besiegers from getting near enough to attack it with tunnels and mines. If the Japanese had been inside the fort, and the Russians on the outside, I am perfectly sure that the latter never would have been permitted to get within three hundred yards of the moat—much less to intrench themselves on the very edge of it. The Japanese would have sacrificed a thousand men, if necessary, in order to drive their assailants outside of mining range. General Nogi, furthermore, would not have wasted scores of tons of ammunition in a futile attempt to destroy distant batteries which were almost perfectly protected by hills. He would have concentrated his fire upon the trenches, or upon the parts of the field where he knew the trenches were, and would have forced the assailants to sacrifice a dozen men for every cubic yard of earth that they excavated. If, in spite of such opposition, the besiegers had managed at last to get a foothold on the edges of the moats, the Japanese commander would have used all his ammunition and spent half his garrison in a resolute, persistent, and continuous attempt to dislodge them and drive them back, because he would have seen at

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once that the laying of mines under the walls of the forts was not only dangerous, but absolutely fatal. Nothing can stand against dynamite, if you allow your enemy to get near enough to use it.

Instead, however, of devoting all his energies to the dislodgment or destruction of the Japanese sappers on the edges of the moats, General Stoessel allowed them to dig tunnels and lay mines in comparative peace. He made night sorties against them occasionally, with forty or fifty men, and threw shells or shrapnel into their pits and trenches now and then, in a half-hearted, desultory way; but he offered no opposition that seemed to me deserving of the name, and wasted half his ammunition in artillery duels with Japanese batteries two miles distant, which were so carefully concealed or so perfectly protected that he could do them little serious injury. I saw his gunners throw more than sixty large-caliber shells at a single Japanese battery in one afternoon, without disabling a man or dismounting a gun. All of that ammunition was wasted, when, if it had been thrown into the parts of the field where the Japanese trenches and parallels were, it might have served a useful purpose.

In consequence of this inaction and bad judgment on the part of the Russians, the Japanese were able to lay and explode five mines under the glacis of Sungshushan; and when I visited the scene of their operations, on the 18th of November, I found them working, without serious molestation, in a wide, open pit which was within easy artillery range of at least twelve Russian forts and batteries, and which might have been shelled, even with light field guns, from half a dozen commanding positions on the slopes of Itzushan and behind the Chinese wall. But even this was not all. The open pit was so near the parapet of the fort that a dozen daring and enterprising men might have thrown hand-grenades into it, across the moat, at the rate of twenty per minute. What the garrison were doing—why they allowed the besiegers to work, practically without hindrance, in that pit—I could not imagine then, and I cannot conjecture now. If the Japanese had been in possession of the forts, the Russians could not have held such a position for half an hour, and I doubt very much whether they could have held for a week even the advanced trenches and parallels. They would have been subjected to a steady, accurate, and continuous bombardment; they would have been met everywhere with sorties, counter-mines, and counter-attacks; and so long as they occupied positions that were near enough to be a menace to the outworks of the fort, they would have had no peace or respite, by night or by day.

In criticising what seemed to me the inaction and bad judgment of the Russians, I do not mean to be understood as saying that they were wholly inactive, or that their fire was absolutely ineffective. The points I wish to make are: (1) that the forts were sure to fall if the Japanese were permitted to dig tunnels under them from the edges of the moats; (2) that the attempts of the Russians to dislodge them and prevent them from digging tunnels and laying mines were weak, intermittent, and lacking in persistence; and (3) that it was a waste of ammunition to shell batteries and gun positions on the other side of the valley when the really dangerous attack was being made by sappers and miners on the edges of the moats.

The only possible explanation of the failure of the Russians to dislodge the Japanese from their menacing positions in front of the forts is to be found, I think, in the overwhelming volume and deadly accuracy of the besiegers' artillery fire. If a Russian battery on one of the hills west of the railway began throwing shells into the pit in front of Sungshushan, where the sappers were at work, such battery became at once the target for five, ten, or twenty Japanese guns on the other side of the valley, and began at once to lose men. Instead of putting up with the loss, replacing the men, and going on with the bombardment, the Russian commander would apparently become discouraged and stop firing. He wanted to injure the Japanese, but he was not willing to pay the cost. In like manner, if a dozen Russians behind the parapet of Sungshushan began throwing hand-grenades

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at the besiegers across the moat, a Japanese battery of howitzers on the other side of the valley would drop big shells into the fort with such frequency and accuracy as to drive the grenade-throwers to the shelter of their bomb-proofs. They wanted to stop the sapping, but they had not resolution enough to take the punishment involved. In ability to stand fire and put up with loss for the sake of attaining a definite and important object, the Russians seemed to me far inferior to their adversaries. Even in matters of vital consequence they often became discouraged and gave up when the Japanese, in precisely similar circumstances, would have carried away their dead and held on. This was strikingly shown in the latter's defense of the Panlungshan hills in August and September. For many weeks together they lost on an average a hundred men a day; but they never allowed themselves to become disheartened, and never ceased to fight. It was absolutely necessary to hold those hills, and if it cost three thousand men a month to do so, they were prepared to pay the price. The Russians, apparently, were not willing to sacrifice three thousand men a month for the sake of keeping the besiegers away from the moats—even though the fate of Port Arthur depended upon it—and that was one of the reasons why, on the 18th of November, I found the Japanese sappers digging and tunneling, unopposed and unmolested, within easy range of perhaps a hundred Russian guns. I spent four or five hours on the slope of Sungshushan that afternoon, and although scores of Russian shells went overhead, and a few fell in the vicinity, not a single Japanese soldier in that part of the line was either killed or disabled. Such weak and ineffective resistance to siege operations does not deserve to be called a defense.

During the period over which my observations extended the Russians showed a fighting spirit equal to that of the Japanese only twice—once in front of the fort of East Keekwan, which they held to the end, and again on the summit of 203-Meter Hill, which they finally abandoned after losing and recapturing it four or five times. In repelling infantry assaults they always acted with promptness and vigor; but in opposing siege operations they were lacking in enterprise and initiative, and failed, apparently, to see that tunnels and mines were far more dangerous than hurrah attacks. On the 20th of November, for example, two days after my visit to the moat of Sungshushan, the besiegers exploded three mines in front of Ehrlungshan, and almost completely filled up the moat by blowing into it a large part of the counterscarp wall. Two or three hours later the commander of the battalion that was conducting the siege operations sent five engineers and twenty men across the moat to make a reconnoissance. The Russians, thinking that the besiegers were about to begin an assault, hurried forward reinforcements from both Port Arthur and Wangtai, whereupon the Japanese opened on the reinforcing columns with shrapnel. This drew the fire of all the Russian forts and batteries in the central and western parts of the field, and the cannonade for the next hour was as heavy and continuous as any that I had heard in the whole course of the siege. I refer to this incident only as an illustration of the apparent failure of the Russians to discriminate between operations that were really threatening and dangerous and movements that had little if any importance. They offered no serious opposition to the laying of the mines, although the latter menaced the very existence of the fort; but when an insignificant reconnoitering party made its appearance on the crest of the parapet, they opened fire with every gun they could bring into action.

A few days after my excursion to Sungshushan, Professor Shiga, an ex-member of the Japanese Diet, who had come to the front as a civilian observer, asked me if I would not like to go to the neighboring village of Chokiatun and see a manufactory of mediæval weapons.

"Mediæval weapons!" I repeated, in surprise. "Of what sort?"

"Of all sorts," he replied, "offensive and defensive. You must have seen, in the trenches, the breast-plates, shields, wooden guns, hand-grenades, and locomotive mines that our soldiers use."

"Oh, those things!" I responded.

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"Yes, I saw some of them in the trenches of the First Division only the other day; but I didn't know that they were made here."

"They're both made and invented here," said Professor Shiga. "Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa, one of our engineer officers, spends all of his time in thinking up explosive contrivances of one sort or another, to be used against the forts, and I think some of them would interest you."

"Of course they would," I replied, heartily. "Let's go." So we went.

The "manufactory of mediæval weapons" was a long, low shed, at the eastern end of the village of Chokiatun, where forty or fifty men were busily engaged in pounding and soldering tin, winding green bamboo lashings around the barrels of short wooden mortars, making long scaling-ladders, loading hand-grenades, and attaching harnesses to steel shields which looked like thin, black gravestones with shoulders and heads. Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa, the creator and superintendent of this curious manufactory, was a rather thin, middle-aged, scholarly-looking man in gold-rimmed spectacles, who might have been taken for a professor of ethics in a Western college. The work in which he was engaged, however, when we presented ourselves, did not suggest Christian education or the Golden Rule, inasmuch as it consisted of a series of experiments intended to ascertain how and at what distance men might be most completely blown to pieces by means of tin bombs blown from a wooden gun. The use of tin bombs and wooden guns in twentieth-century warfare would seem, at first glance, to be a foolish and absurd return to mediæval devices and methods; but in the hands of the Japanese these weapons and missiles were almost as destructive to human life as steel howitzers and eleven-inch shells were to parapets, casemates, and walls. A percussion bomb filled with Shimose powder, which was thrown from a wooden gun into the fort of Ehrlungshan, on the 13th of November, put out of action no less than forty men, most of whom were instantly killed. Missiles which have such destructive power as this are by no means to be despised, even although they are made out of tin and are fired from a wooden gun.

The mortar with which Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa was experimenting when we visited the laboratory was a strong wooden tube, which had a length of about three feet and a caliber of five or six inches. It was mounted, at a fixed angle of fifty-five degrees, on a comparatively light wooden carriage; was fired by means of a fuse inserted through the touch-hole; and with a charge of two ounces of powder, it would throw a tin case loaded with high explosive to a distance of four hundred yards. The bursting material used was the Shimose composition, which is said by Japanese engineers to have greater destructive energy than dynamite, mellinite, lyddite, or guncotton. In the experiments that we saw, the explosive used was common powder; but the concussions seemed to me as violent as those that would have been produced by the explosion of six-inch shells of iron. From these wooden mortars the Japanese sappers in the front parallels were able to throw what may be called gun-grenades across the moats into the Russian forts; and when such missiles exploded amid groups of men, they were quite as deadly as iron shells or shrapnel.

At the eastern end of the shed, twenty-five or thirty yards from the wooden gun, I noticed a large pile of empty tin provision-cans which two or three men were cutting up and pounding into flat, rectangular sheets.

"What do you make out of those?" I asked Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa. "I never supposed that old tin cans were good for anything."

"We work them up into cases for explosives," he replied. "Our supply of sheet-iron is rather short just now, so we collect all the old biscuit-tins and provision-cans that we can find, cut them up, and make them into grenades."

He then brought out and showed to us the finished product—a tin tube about ten inches long and two inches in diameter, filled with common powder and exploded by means of a fuse. As the old, rusty cans out of which these grenades were made had been collected in great

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part on the sites of abandoned Russian camps, it is more than possible that Russian officers were killed in November by tin cans whose original contents they themselves had eaten in July. The proverb says that "you cannot eat your cake and have it;" but in fighting with the Japanese you may eat your preserved roast beef and have the refilled can returned to you after many days.

Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa then showed to us one of his locomotive mines—a hollow wooden cylinder three or four feet long and three feet in diameter, with an iron bar running through the center of it from end to end. This iron bar, or axis, supported a strong wooden frame, to which was fastened in front a sloping steel shield. When the cylinder had been filled with powder and provided with a fuse, two sappers, crouching under cover of the shield, rolled it up to the edge of a moat, lighted the fuse, and pushed the whole contrivance over into the ditch. Two or three seconds later the cylinder exploded with terrific violence in front of the subterranean casemates in the counterscarp wall. In one of the fights in front of the East Keekwan Fort I saw the Russians bring up, on wheels, a similar petard, to be rolled down the slope of the glacis into the trenches of the Japanese.

For the protection of sappers who had to work in exposed places, and of men who were sent forward to cut wire entanglements, Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa devised shields of various forms. One, which corresponded in outline with the human head and body as far down as the hips, was made of steel, weighed about twelve pounds, and was suspended from the shoulders by means of a harness. Another, which was intended to be pushed forward by a crawling man, consisted of a rectangular plate of steel held at a backward slope by a supporting prop or brace. In the upper part of each there was a narrow transverse slit through which the wearer or pusher could look. These shields were used chiefly at the extreme front for the protection of sappers, sentinels, and riflemen, but they were also worn or carried by men sent forward to cut wires, just before an assault. The Russians used wire for the protection of their forts, not only in the shape of double, triple, and quadruple entanglements, but also in the form of insulated lines stretched on low wooden posts six or eight inches above the surface of the ground. These insulated lines they turned into "live wires" by sending over them high-potential electric currents, which were intended to be powerful enough to kill by shock. I saw, at the headquarters of the Ninth Division, a section of such a line, with posts and insulators attached, which one of General Oshima's storming parties had brought back as a trophy from the glacis of Ehrlungshan. There seemed to be a good deal of doubt, however, as to the efficacy of this means of defense. Lieutenant Hori told me that the electric current used by the Russians was seldom, if ever, powerful enough to kill, and that Japanese officers frequently cut the wires with their swords. From what I saw and heard, I should say that a quadruple line of wire entanglement, on strong posts, would be a much more formidable obstacle than a single line charged with a high-potential current. The latter might easily be cut with rubber-handled shears, and, besides that, the wire was so near the ground that men advancing in open order, in the daytime, would be more likely to step over it than to stumble against it. So far as I could ascertain, very few Japanese soldiers were "electrocuted" in front of Port Arthur, but hundreds perished in trying to break through entanglements.

In addition to shields, wooden guns, and hand-grenades, we saw at Lieutenant-Colonel Imazawa's laboratory quantities of sapping and engineering material of all sorts, such as shovels, pick-axes, earth-baskets, cloth for sand-bags, scaling-ladders, light truss-bridges of bamboo, air-pumps used in forcing air into tunnels, coils of insulated and barbed wire, signaling apparatus, telegraph batteries, and fifty or sixty boxed telephones, all ready for shipment to any part of the field. Almost everything that was likely to be needed in saps, mines, or assaults seemed to be in stock, or in process of manufacture.

Between the 10th and the 26th of November the fighting in front of Port Arthur was almost wholly in trenches or

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moats. The Japanese, having established themselves on the crests of the counterscarps, proceeded to destroy the subterranean defenses of the forts with dynamite, while the Russians, unable to dislodge their assailants, or unwilling to suffer the loss that a really serious and desperate attempt to dislodge them would involve, were gradually driven out of the caponieres and counterscarp casemates and forced to seek shelter behind the parapets. The fighting throughout this period was at very close range, and both sides made use of all available weapons from field-guns and Maxims down to rifles, fire-balls, and hand-grenades. At the North Keekwan Fort the Japanese not only carried one of their saps into the moat, but threw up across the latter a strong sand-bag breastwork. As the coarse sacking of which sand-bags are made burns, or smolders, with considerable rapidity when set on fire, and thus allows the sand or earth to escape, the Russians first attacked this moat intrenchment with fire-balls and hand-grenades. Failing to destroy it in this way, they finally brought down into the ditch a field-gun. The Japanese also brought in a field-gun through their sap in the counterscarp wall, and the combatants fought a fierce duel with artillery in the moat at a distance of only fifty or sixty feet. The garrison gun was disabled, the Russians were forced to retire with heavy loss, and the Japanese took possession of one of the counterscarp casemates behind the sand-bag wall. The Russians then threw into the moat bombs which, upon bursting, liberated poisonous fumes; but, although they suffocated two or three men in the casemate, they could not dislodge the others. On the 20th of November the besiegers virtually dominated the moats in front of Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and North Keekwan, and had so filled them up by blowing into them the disrupted fragments of the counterscarp walls that there was no longer any difficulty in getting across. Reconnoitering parties, in fact, went into the ditch of Sungshushan almost every night, and not infrequently scaled the parapet and threw hand-grenades into the enceinte. The Russians, foreseeing that there would soon be another general assault, built sand bag traverses and put up lines of wire entanglement inside the forts, so that even if they should be driven from the parapets they might make a last stand in the rear of the main inclosures.

It must not be supposed that during this period of trench and moat fighting there was any intermission in the general bombardment. The eleven-inch howitzers and the large-caliber naval guns continued to throw shells into the town and the forts, sinking five steamers in the harbor, exploding the powder magazine in the old fort of Sungshushan, burning the arsenal and an ammunition storehouse in the city, and killing men and dismounting guns in all parts of the main defensive line. What effect this incessant bombardment was having on the nerves of the soldiers in the forts we could not determine; but as I watched it, day after day, I came to the conclusion that if I were allowed to choose between camping for a week on the summit of Mont Pelée during one of its periods of activity, and serving for a week as a soldier in Ehrlungshan or the North Fort of Keekwan, I should take my chances on the volcano. Nothing could be more terrible than the constant strain of suspense which a man must feel, and the never-ending expectation of sudden death which he must have, when huge, bursting meteors from the sky are falling, every few minutes, into the square acre where he is compelled to live.

On the 23d of November, Lieutenant Hori, who acted as my guide in the first visit that I made to the trenches, came on horseback to our house to pay us a call. He had been wounded, only two days before, and made partially deaf, by a big Russian shell which burst within a few feet of him while he and his comrade Lieutenant Ishibata were conducting two of the military attachés through the trenches in front of Ehrlungshan. Lieutenant Ishibata was torn to pieces and instantly killed, but Lieutenant Hori escaped with partial deafness and a lacerated ear. I wanted to ask him if he still regarded the trenches as "quite safe," but it did not seem fair to recall his remark, in a jesting way, only two

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days after he had been spattered with the heart's blood of one of his dear friends. He brought us the exciting news that, in view of the approach of the Baltic fleet—or of the strong probability that it would come—the Emperor had directed General Nogi to take Port Arthur. "Now," said Lieutenant Hori, "we shall get the place at last. General Nogi will kill all his soldiers, if necessary, but he *must* succeed. If he doesn't, there's nothing left but harakiri for all of us who remain alive." After chatting gayly with us for half an hour, he mounted his horse and rode out of the courtyard, waving his hand and shouting, "Good-by! It's victory or death this time!"

Friday afternoon, November 25, Major Yamaguchi, of the headquarters staff, informed us that another general assault would be made on the following afternoon. The Third Army had been reinforced by the whole of the Seventh Division of infantry, with its full complement of field artillery, and the "death holes" in the First, Ninth, and Eleventh Divisions had been filled with four thousand men from their respective reserves. General Nogi, therefore, would begin what we hoped might be the last assault with nearly twenty thousand fresh troops.

About eleven o'clock Saturday morning Mr. Curtis walked over to Hoozan to take tiffin with the English correspondents who were camped in a gulch at the foot of that mountain, while I went to the neighboring village of Toboshin to see my friend Ricalton, who was ill with typhoid fever. The bombardment of the forts was proceeding with great vigor; the shutters of Ricalton's windows shook and rattled almost incessantly with the concussions caused by the big guns, and long files of soldiers were climbing the slopes of the hills to places from which they could get a good view of the impending assault. At half-past twelve I mounted my donkey and set out alone for 229-Meter Hill, which seemed to me, on the whole, to command a better view of the valley and the forts than could be had from any of the other peaks. It was a little back of General Nogi's position, but, on the other hand, it was higher and more centrally located. The danger from chance shells was about the same on all the hills that were directly behind Japanese batteries.

When I reached the summit, about two o'clock in the afternoon, it was quite apparent that the artillery attack, at least, was being directed, mainly, against Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan. Both forts were filled with smoke, through which fountains of earth and stones leaped skyward as the ponderous shells from the Japanese howitzers burst, in quick succession, behind the ragged parapets. The Russians were evidently aware that a general assault was impending. Most of their batteries were in action, four flags were flying from the signal staff on Golden Hill, and here and there I could see groups of soldiers coming down hastily from the second range of hills behind the main defensive line and running to reinforce their comrades in the forts that were under fire. Of the Japanese I could see nothing whatever. They had put a good many new batteries in position, but if they had any troops massed in the advanced trenches and parallels, I could not discover them, nor could I hear any crackling of rifles to indicate that infantry were engaged. Up to three o'clock the fight was simply a tremendous artillery duel between forts and batteries—a duel which probably brought into action four or five hundred guns, and filled the air with an almost continuous roar of explosions and concussions. Between three and four o'clock I began to hear the sputter of rifles and the drumming of Maxims in the direction of East Keekwan. That hill was so far away that I could not see it distinctly, but the air above it was full of blue shrapnel-clouds, and the bare, dry slopes underneath were enveloped, for half an hour, in a yellowish fog of dust raised by the descending hail of bullets. Where the shrapnel came from, and whether it was intended to keep the garrison of the fort from coming down the hill and reinforcing their comrades in the lower trench, or was meant to prevent the Japanese from charging up the hill, after they had taken the trench, I had no means of knowing.

The bombardment of Ehrlungshan and Sungshushan reached its climax

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about half-past three o'clock. At that time there must have been thirty or forty Japanese batteries in action, and shells dropped into the two forts so rapidly that I could neither count them nor estimate their number. Ehrlungshan, so far as it could be seen through clouds of smoke rising from bursting projectiles and smoldering tatters of sand-bags, looked like a heap of burning ruins, while the whole inclosure of Sungshushan had become an erupting crater of smoke, dust, stones, flying timbers, and fragments of concrete.

Suddenly, about four o'clock, most of the Japanese batteries ceased firing, and through the transitory lull I could hear the crackling of rifles, the drumming of machine guns, the banging of hand-grenades, and now and then a heavy report which sounded like the explosion of a mine. "The Japanese," I said to myself, "are assaulting the forts." The smoke over the hills was so dense that I could not see the charging columns as they rushed from the trenches into the moats, and then, swarming up scaling-ladders, stormed the shot-torn parapets; but I felt sure that they were succeeding; and when, half an hour later, the great forts of Itzushan, Antzushan, Tayankau, and Golden Hill suddenly turned their guns upon this part of their own line, I knew that Ehrlungshan and Sungshushan had been captured, and that the Russians were trying to make them untenable and to drive the assaulting columns out. For three-quarters of an hour the two forts were again the center of a tremendous converging fire, but the shells that poured into them and the shrapnel that burst in hundreds of smoke-wreaths above them came from the Russian side. Before half-past five the Japanese had apparently been driven out and forced back to their trenches. At any rate, the Russian fire slackened, and was again turned upon the Japanese batteries, while the latter opened fire once more upon the two forts. Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan had been captured, but the assaulting columns had been unable to hold them under the tremendous bombardment to which they were subjected, and the Russian defensive line was still unbroken.

Soon after six o'clock it began to grow cold and dark, and as I could see nothing more through the smoke and gathering gloom on the slopes of the Russian hills, I started homeward, in a mood of profound discouragement and depression. Fighting was still going on, but I felt a conviction that the assault had completely failed. At nine o'clock that night, General Nakamura, at the head of two thousand men, made a gallant attempt to retrieve the disaster by assaulting the auxiliary fort just back of Sungshushan, on the Port Arthur road; but he was repulsed with heavy loss, and was himself brought back severely wounded. This virtually ended the operations of the day. The Japanese had lost between three and four thousand men, and had not taken a single fort.

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Summer Vesper Sermons

II.—The Temptation[1]

By Lyman Abbott

JESUS was about thirty years of age when he entered on his public ministry. Up to that time he had lived with his parents at Nazareth and worked at his father's bench at the carpenter's trade. When he left this trade not to return to it, his first act was to identify himself publicly with the one reform movement of his time. His second act was to retire into the wilderness to study his life problem. What should he make his life purpose? And how should he set himself to its accomplishment?

Young America is in too great a hurry. He wants to be doing something, and he does not take time enough to consider what he will do. How many readers of this paper could stop at this point, and, taking a card out of their pocket, write on it a definite answer to these two questions: What do I intend to make my life purpose? And how do I intend to set myself to its accomplishment? America is full of bright, energetic, enterprising, industrious men and women whose lives are at best only respectable failures because they have never gone into the wilderness to consider their life purpose. They are like a man who is in such a hurry to get his house built that he begins to build it without ever forming an architectural design. Not a few pooh-pooh at the idea of having a life plan. That seems to them superfluous. Sufficient for the day is the plan thereof. They live from day to day without a purpose. Such men are like a ship-master who should put a miscellaneous cargo in the hold and set sail for his home port, and, if asked where he was going, should reply, North-northeast to-day; it will be time enough to decide what point of the compass we will sail toward to-morrow when to-morrow comes.

The first question every man ought to settle is this: Am I going into the world to see how much I can get out of it, or how much I can put into it? To acquire wealth, or to distribute wealth? To win fame, or to deserve gratitude? To rule in the kingdoms of this world, or to help transform them into the kingdom of God—that is, the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in holiness of spirit? Both? Will you work to enrich others *and* yourself? to serve your generation *and* win popularity? to fuse men into one great brotherhood *and* to rule them as their world master? That, Jesus says, no man can successfully do. "No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon." We must take our choice. No amalgam is possible between the two mottoes—"Take care of number one," and "He that would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all." If we take service as our aim, we must work for Kipling's wages:

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working; and each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are.

For Tennyson's wages:

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by, to be lost on an endless sea;
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong.
Nay! but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

When for us it is settled that service, not self, is our general purpose, there remains the other and more complex question, What kind of service? Shall I be a preacher, or teacher, or doctor, or lawyer, or merchant, or mechanic, or engineer, or farmer? What is the best service?

There is no best service. That is for me the best which I can best render. It is much better to be a good cook than a poor teacher, a good blacksmith than a poor preacher. The compositor is just

[1] Matthew iv. 1-11; Luke iv. 1-13.

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as important as the author; without both there could be no book. The carpenter is just as important as the architect; without both there could be no house. To know what is the best service one can render, one must needs study himself, his age, and his special circumstances. The best service Jesus could render until he was thirty years of age was staying at home and taking care of his mother after his father died.

It is well worth while to go into the wilderness for a month if necessary to get a clear, definite, and final answer to these two questions: What shall I make my life purpose? And how shall I go about to accomplish that purpose? If you have never before answered to yourself these questions, and you can find an answer to them this summer, or can clarify and confirm the answer you have already given to these questions, it will be the most profitable summer you have ever spent.

Making Americans of Russian Jews

By Phillip Davis

WHEN I came to America, at the age of fifteen, I was fully equipped with a prayer-book, phylacteries, a "four-corners," promising forelocks—with everything, in short, to indicate my strict orthodox training, and to insure its preservation in the "New Wanton World," as America is often styled in Russia. I remember distinctly how cynically my older brother, who brought me here, smiled when he saw me armed with this religious ammunition, ready to go to the synagogue.

"All right," he said, while packing his lunch-box; "if you want to go to a synagogue, I'll take you there. It is on my way to the shop, anyhow. But I doubt whether you will keep this up very long," he added, wistfully.

"How is that?" I asked. "Don't the Jews go to the synagogue here and *davn* [pray], daily, as they do at home?"

"At home," he said, "Jews are idlers. Here in America they are hard, busy workers. They have no time to pray."

"Could that be possible?" I asked myself, and, as I write now with a better knowledge of existing conditions, I marvel at the breadth of the question then so naïvely put. The question, if answered in the affirmative, meant that here in America it is possible for a Jewish young man to disregard the most sacred object which a father could bestow on his children in the hope that by their constant use the religion of his forefathers might be preserved. Further than this: it meant that in America one may become so occupied as to cease to worship at all, since, traditionally, no Jew may worship without his phylacteries, his "four-corners," etc.

At that time I was quite sure that that was impossible, and for the first six months my conviction was unshaken. Somehow I could find no work, and therefore had ample time to take in even more than three divine daily services, if need be. But at last I got work in one of the old-time sweat-shops of New York, first as a basting-puller, then as a half-baster. From the moment I entered the shop my religious interest began to decline. In a year it was practically nil. My "four-corners" wore out, and were never replaced; my forelocks disappeared; my phylacteries and my prayer-book were in exile. I ceased going to the synagogue, first only on week-days, later on Saturdays as well. In after years I never entered it but twice a year, at the anniversary of my mother's death and during the Day of Atonement.

"Then my brother's prediction had already come true?" you ask. Yes, but note in what way. Had I enjoyed the fullness of life in all its other phases to the exclusion of the religious only, I might have indeed given in to my brother's views. But the fact is that my whole life had suffered the same decline. From the moment I entered the shop until five years thereafter it was actually a blank. I recall nothing which filled its moments from day to day or from year to year. Immediately upon my entering the sweat-

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shop I seemed to have plunged into a struggle so intense that it absorbed all my energy and simply incapacitated me for any other normal human activity. In the language of Tolstoy's confession, "my life had come to a stop. I was able to breathe, to eat, to drink, to sleep, and I could not help breathing, eating, drinking, or sleeping. But I had no real life in me," because my work consumed it all.

It must be remembered that in these days, 1890–1894, the task system went hand in hand with the sweat-shop. I was a victim of both. I worked from early morning until late at night, Saturdays and Sundays included, for almost five years straight. All I now remember about this period of my life is that it was one of intense labor, sleep, and forgetfulness.

How or when I changed from a half-baster to an under-presser, then to a presser, I cannot tell. I only know that one fine morning during my sixth year in the coat factory I woke up to find myself a full-fledged workman earning about $14 a week, sure of my job and proud of my skill. Somehow, mysteriously enough to me, the task system began to disappear, the hours were being shortened, Sunday work was gradually abolished. In short, I emerged at last from a long, bitter struggle a conqueror—master of myself again and of my time in part, possessor of a little sum of money which I had laid by, a free and independent workman.

Here was the crucial test: Was I, who had at last regained possession of myself, about to revert to my former religious habits, the inheritance of so many generations? I now had the time, I had the leisure. Was I ready to return to my prayer-book and to my phylacteries and re-enter the synagogue? Evidently my brother was in the right, for I *did not* even then. For a year or more I seemed to have relaxed altogether. I went wild after pleasure, amusement, fun. Instinctively, I think, I was trying to make up for lost time. I went to the theater, I struggled to look "sportish," I smoked cigarettes; in short, I was after things, not ideas, whether religious or any other.

Presently I began to shift. My ignorance of English often shamed me in company and was always the cause of great disappointment at the theater. The night school now loomed up before me. I entered it in good earnest; later on I also joined "the Settlement" (Hull House, Chicago).

Again I plunged into a new struggle, an intellectual struggle this time, but one far more intense even than the economic, and one which completely barred out any religious activity. English, that stubborn, cruel foreigner's foe called English, physics, chemistry, mathematics, and my manual work, filled all my time, so that from the moment I entered the night school I practically never even thought anything about religion worthy of mention until I left the University of Chicago, at the end of my sophomore year, and entered Harvard in 1901.

In Harvard men like Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Professor Palmer, and others began to attract me to Appleton Chapel. What interested me particularly in their stirring sermons was the great stress they all laid on the Bible and the inspiration they drew from it. As a child I studied the Bible so long that I knew a great many portions of it by heart. I was educated to look on the Bible as the peculiar property of the Jewish people. It never occurred to me until then that "Christians" used it at all; and here is this self-same Bible, "our Bible," the inspiration, the central theme, of the greatest preachers in this country, while we, its heirs, have forgotten, rejected it. I say "we" advisedly. For, having had my attention called to it, it struck me with the force of a new discovery how little the Bible is used among all the Jewish people.

Are the people of the Book using it or not? The question occurred to me again and again. Of my acquaintances, whether in New York, Chicago, or Boston, I could answer offhand. The Bible was the rarest of all books among them. In Boston, for instance, I knew hundreds of homes, even cloakmakers' homes, where Shakespeare, Hugo, Tolstoy, and Emerson were shown off conspicuously from the shelf or table. But I could not find one in a hundred that possessed a Bible.

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Incidentally, I also discovered that the prayer-book and the phylacteries of all my acquaintances suffered the same fate as mine. They, too, were "too busy" to go to the synagogue. Thus I stumbled on the fact that, in a general way, my story was the story of all my acquaintances. Somehow, they have also drifted away from religion, without their noticing it. I wondered how general this condition was among all Jewish working communities. Presently I was afforded an excellent opportunity of finding out. After graduating from Harvard, I had the honor of being elected Organizer for the Ladies' Garment Workers, and the extreme privilege of making an extensive tour throughout the Eastern States, including such centers as Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore, etc. It was during this trip that I first learned of the true state of Jewish orthodoxy among the workers as a class: how universally they neglected the Bible; violated the Dietary Laws; broke the Sabbath; degraded the holiday; made away with the ceremonies; missed the services; minced their prayers; and, above all, deserted the synagogue. These general signs of revolt against the accepted forms of the Jewish religion indicated a degree of unbelief which, from a religious point of view, assumed striking proportions. To find out how deep-seated this unbelief really was, it was necessary to concentrate attention on any one of those religious institutions and confine the study to a particular place or city.

I have chosen New York as the place, and the synagogue as the institution; New York because it is the most representative Jewish community in America, and the synagogue because it is the most representative of all institutions in the Hebrew religion. Just as public worship was always the Jews' paramount religious need, so its appointed place, the synagogue, was the center of their religious life. Under all horizons and at all times, wherever there was a Minyan, or ten Jews, they straightway banded together, opened a synagogue, and instituted public worship. From the Temple days downward, the Jewish religion remained national in scope and character, and the strongest-felt need of the Jew has always been communion with his fellow-men. It is this inborn need which gave rise to the synagogues, scattered now the world over as a substitute for the Temple.

During the dark centuries of the Middle Ages, the synagogue to the Jew was even more than a place for worship. It was his "blockhouse" of defense in time of strife and tumult; it was his seat of learning in time of rest and peace; it was his town meeting hall and his center for social intercourse. Here the "proclamations to the Jews" were posted and read; here solemn and secret counsel was held over their forebodings. Festivals and funerals alike were witnessed beneath its welcoming shadows. Israel's most priceless possessions, the holy Ark, the Torah, and the sacred books, together with his fondest and saddest memories, his joys and sorrows, were stored there.

In the language of Renan, "the synagogue was the one safe place where Jewish life, full of charm, lived in common, unmolested."

After repeated visits to the greatest and smallest synagogues in New York, it was apparent that, as such, the synagogue everywhere has lost all its meaning to the American Jewish workingman. He hurries by it morning and night on his way to and from the factory without the slightest regard for its former sanctity. The Catholic takes his hat off in reverence on passing his church. The truly orthodox Jew hastily puts his hat on when he finds himself in the shadow of the synagogue. The average Jewish workingman goes past it, or stands idly by, hatless and unconcerned.

East Side writers, reformers, reverends, radicals—men like A. Kahn, Dr. Blaustein, the Rev. Mr. Masliansky, and Joseph Barondess—in fact, all prominent men on the East Side whom I have consulted—say with one accord: The Jewish workingmen, especially those between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, have deserted the synagogue. "We all admit the fact," said Dr. Blaustein, "and there is nothing more to say but to admit it." "During the Solemn Days, particularly the Day of Atonement, there is usually a burst of piety among them,"

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declared A. Kahn. "Then they dress up, buy a seat and go to the synagogue. But even this rare visit is made in a perfunctory way. In most cases it is made to please an importunate mother or to appease a petulant wife."

As a rule, the Jewish workingmen stay away from the synagogue, and the more intelligent they are the more consistently they stay away. The Rev. Mr. Masliansky, most favorite of all East Side Maggidim, or preachers, now preaching at the People's Synagogue of the Educational Alliance, sighed when I put the question to him. "Yes," he said, "religion is in a very bad way here. As for the synagogue, it is a dying institution. The very old, the very orthodox, those who need the synagogue least, are the only people who go there. Yes, these and mourners," he added, wistfully.

How true the last statement was I had immediate occasion to find out. The Feast of Weeks was at hand. I went the rounds of one of the most prominent Schules in search of a particularly representative workingmen's audience. I found it at last in the Beth Hamedrosh Hagodel on Norfolk Street, where the preponderance of middle-aged men, mostly workingmen, over the old men fairly surprised me. Presently, however, there was a burst of prayer wrung from the hearts among them. I at once recognized the familiar Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. They were all mourners. These men, I noticed, seldom lingered in the synagogue as the old folks do. They rushed in, offered their prayers (paid the price), and rushed out again. In fact, all workmen, as a rule, enter the synagogues apparently as strangers. They are seldom members of the congregation. They know nothing of how or by whom the synagogue is maintained. Surely they themselves pay very little towards its support. In short, the Jewish working people, as a class, have lost all interest in the synagogue as a religious institution, have practically deserted it.

"How comes it," I asked the Rev. Mr. Masliansky, "that so large a portion of so pronouncedly religious a people as the Jews traditionally are, should have so completely cut itself loose from the synagogue?" "Read the Jewish Socialist papers, and you will readily see why," he answered. "Every new issue of the 'Forward' and the 'Zukunft' [a Jewish Socialist daily and monthly] is a deathblow to religion. Each new issue injects another venomous drop of unbelief, until the very heart of religion is poisoned. These Socialists, these men of evil knowledge, instead of helping the immigrant to learn the language and the opportunities of the land, keep stuffing him with a miserable jargon version of political economy, the sum and substance of which is that his poverty is the result, not of his ignorance, but of the 'system,' the so-called Capitalist System, to which all art, literature, morality, and religion are but handmaids. The poor, ignorant workingman is thus made to believe he has discovered his real enemies, gets bitter against the one thing which he has—his religion—and flees from the synagogue."

The Rev. Mr. Jaffe, of the Community of Hebrew Congregations, offered the same explanation. "What more can you expect from so many Anarchistic meetings, with which the East Side is pestered?" he asked.

"I did not know there were so many Anarchists as you imply," I said, "unless you include the Socialists and other radicals."

"Socialists, Anarchists," he said, "they are all alike. They are all atheists."

I spoke to many other religious men; they all had the same view. Invariably the conservatives were blaming it on the radicals. I went to see the radicals.

"Why have the working people abandoned the synagogue?" I asked Mr. Joseph Barondess, the most brilliant labor orator among the Jews of this country.

"Because," he said, "the Jewish synagogue is the most conservative, retrogressive of all churches in America. Its ceremonies are most exacting; its ritual, its liturgy, is foreign, its language is unknown to the masses, its pulpit is barren, its rabbis are sterile. You cannot find one who is progressive enough to say a good word for the cause of labor. Yes, it is unpleasant, very unpleasant, for a Jew to confess, but it is nevertheless true,

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the Jewish synagogue is a dead institution as compared with the Christian church. With men like Bishop Potter, of New York, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, or Dean Hodges, of Boston, stanch friends of the laboring people, the Christian church may well boast of the workingmen's sympathy. Look at the C. A. I. L. within the ranks of the Episcopal Church, representing a whole army of busy promoters of labor's needs. How many generations will yet pass before the Jewish rabbis [we were speaking, of course, of the Russian Jewish rabbis] will be ready to take up so progressive a work?"

All East Side radicals share Barondess's views. They all lay the charge of the worker's desertion of the synagogue to the door of the extreme orthodoxy of the orthodox.

This fault-finding, with this bitterness against each other, only indicates the keen rivalry which goes on between these two East Side parties—the religious conservatives and the radical atheists. It is evident that the masses of the Jewish workers have turned their backs on the former and are now entirely under the influence of the latter. The liberal freethinkers, through a brilliant platform and a vigorous press, manage to maintain the favor of the Jewish working class and to perpetuate its ill favor against the leaders of Jewish orthodoxy. These, in turn, are very jealous, indeed often slanderous, but are impotent to turn or check the popular current which has set in against them. The swing from these to those, from extreme orthodoxy to extreme radicalism, is, therefore, better verified than explained by the representatives of these two warring East Side factions.

The true explanation of this change which has come over the Jewish workmen as a class lies, I believe, in a correct account of the very existence of this class which was here taken for granted.

Nothing is more interesting in the whole history of the nineteenth-century Jews than this rise of a vast army of industrial workers among them. Never before has there existed such an economic class of Jews. Forty thousand Jewish workers in one city, each living on his ten fingers! This is something phenomenal. The Jewish historian of the Middle Ages would never have believed it, much less the Russian historian. The proverbial trafficker—trader—has actually turned worker, tradesman! Unheard of! Unthinkable! Yet it is a fact, and one which is likely to excite the admiration of the student more and more. The Jew has not only become a workman, but a cunning workman, a veritable Bezaleel "filled with the spirit of God in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge and in all manner of workmanship." It is true that the modern Bezaleel works largely with the needle; but he also devises cunning works "in gold and in silver and in brass," as the census will show you. Envied result of all nations! The ever-repeated wish of Russia! How has America achieved it? What means, what laws, what ukases has America perfected whereby this universally wished for transformation was brought about in the Jew? I repeat that the answer to the question, How has a nation historically so pronouncedly commercial been made industrial? will also answer the question, How has a nation erstwhile so pronouncedly religious, nay, so orthodox, become so radical, so atheistic?

The first question can be answered in three words—Opportunity did it. America has employed no ingenious industrial inquisition whereby the Jew was made to embrace the gospel of work. It has simply opened its doors wide to the Jew, saying, "Here is work, plenty of it, if thou hast a mind and a heart to do it." Thousands of Jews are still coming every year in response to this "call to work" issued by this country long ago. Like the armies of ant workers, they have supplemented one another in the great and arduous labor of building up American industries. Many an industry in this country is of the exclusive creation of the Jews—none the less worthy of mention because the clothing trade is one of them. Let us not forget that the American clothing trade is the richest in the world, and ranks among the half a dozen leading home industries.

Primarily, then, America has made a worker out of the Jew by spelling "opportunity" large to him. But America

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has still another way of stimulating its peoples into doing useful labor of some kind. This it does by upholding a doctrine still distasteful to some of the oldest governments of Europe—the dignity of labor. Nothing is more characteristic of America to the Jew than its great concern in the economic welfare of its peoples. Labor, far from being regarded with contempt, as it used to be in Russia, is so highly respected in this country that the Jewish immigrant of proudest descent takes to it without in the least incurring that social ostracism which would be his greatest drawback in Russia. Russian "gymnasists" and university men have not been ashamed to become shirt-makers in this country. In fact, some of the most prominent Russian Jews of this country have been shirt or cloak makers at an early period in their careers. Such a thing would have been considered degrading in a young man's career in Russia, for even among the Jews themselves labor is looked down upon, and nowhere more contemptuously than in the synagogue. There is a sharp dividing line in the synagogue between the *bourgeoisie* and the learned, who control it, and the common working people, who are merely tolerated. The former occupy the front seats at the East Wall. The latter are relegated to the back of the Bema, or the rear of the platform. As to synagogual honors, such as the Eliah, or the Reading of the Law, the rich buy these at prices absolutely prohibitory to the common people. On holidays these honors are actually auctioned off in the synagogue in the middle of the service to the highest bidder. You can easily guess who gets left. The common people, who have for years endured these indignities, this slur cast upon their means of subsistence, because they had to present a united national front against far greater injustices of a hostile State, were bound at last to turn against their own Church in a State where labor, on the contrary, is so glorified. In the long-standing feud between the Jewish Church and labor, a feud not uncommon among other peoples even in the Europe of today, the Church had to have the upper hand in a country where religion was always a national issue. In this country, where labor, on the contrary, is the main issue, Jewish labor rose in the scales inversely as the Jewish Church fell.

The same causes, in short, which brought the Jews here in such large numbers and made them change from traders to tradesmen, are also responsible for their change from orthodoxy to radicalism. "New occasions bring new duties." Having engaged in new activities, the Jews, naturally, acquired new interests, joined new movements, which of necessity crowded out the old. As soon as the Jew became a worker he unconsciously drifted away from the synagogue and into the meeting-hall, because the issues of the union became more immediate than the issues of the congregation.

The radicalism of the Jewish workingman is due, therefore, primarily to a radical change in his mode of life, the inevitable result of a new environment.

What two environments could be more different? Moteleh, my native town, without a school, without a library, without a newspaper, without a single industry to live on, and miles away from a railroad station, and this great, seething, surging New York? Do you wonder at the change that comes over the Jewish workmen coming from hundreds of Russian towns such as these? The wonder, the miracle of miracles, would be if that change did not take place.

On its religious side this transformation of thousands of people is furthered by a special circumstance existing in this country—its untrammeled religious freedom. Religion in America, the Jew quickly discovers to his surprise, is absolutely no affair of the State, just as labor is its chief concern. This discovery is partly responsible for his extreme reaction against his religion. Not exactly because America gave him the liberty, so to speak, of becoming an atheist, but because it did not harass his religion or ask him to give it up. America stimulated the Jewish worker as a worker and left him free as a Jew. That is why the Jew in him is subsiding, and the worker, the citizen, is becoming more and more prominent.

This *laissez faire* policy, which ac-

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counts for America's brilliant political success and Russia's irretrievable failure, has always been the most successful, particularly with the Jew. The history of Russia affords ample proof of it. Jewish orthodoxy was always extremest when Russia was most insistent on reform. In the days of Nicholas I., who would derobe the Jew from his peculiar garb, cut off his forelocks, and dress him up in the manners and customs of the Russian *bourgeoisie* (then, as now, a cheap imitation of that of France), the Jew became more strictly orthodox than ever before. But how quickly the Jews were rejuvenated by the spell of freedom which swept over Russia with the slight reforms of Alexander II.! Immediately a renascence sprang up, a renascence which meant the regeneration of thousands.

Such a renascence has been going on, unchecked, among the Jewish workers of this country ever since they came here. The enlightenment comes to them through a thousand channels: through education, the press, the lecture hall, the library, the settlement; but, above all, through the great humanitarian movements for industrial and social betterment, in which they universally enter, with something like the enthusiasm of the ancient prophets. And in these movements they rediscover the great moral laws which they seemingly lose sight of in the early stages of their reformation.

That this reformation was inevitable, under the irresistible influence of American civilization, so different from the Russian, so different from the Jewish, is all I wished to show. That it has, on the whole, improved the moral qualities of the Jew, refined his character, and brought out such elements as intellect, honor, frankness, dignity, a high regard for labor, an even higher regard for social justice than Russia has ever seen in the Jew, this I leave for the reader to judge.

How Lawyer Shakelby Went Eavesdropping[1]

By Una L. Silberrad

AT one time trouble befell Squire Grimthorn, as it befalls all men soon or late. This trouble was concerned with his son Martin, a good youth enough, but one who had this much of his father in him—that, whereas the elder man was justly determined in all matters of right (we have this on his own authority), the younger (and this likewise is on the same good authority) was very obstinate and a fool. It came about on a time that the two Martins fell out, of course in reference to a maiden; so serious was the quarrel that at last the young Martin was shown the way to the door, and took it in high dudgeon and dignity. And after a time, when he gave no sign of coming humbly back, suing for pardon, the old Martin rode off to Lawyer Shakelby with his grievance very bristling in his mind.

Twelve good miles did the Squire ride to see Master Shakelby. They were friends of sorts, these two, as much friends as any could be with the cross-grained lawyer who liked his own company better than another's, and who gave it as his rule to meddle in no man's business unless paid for it. But it was not for advice or sympathy that Squire Grimthorn sought Shakelby now; he told him so plainly as he gave him instructions to draw up a will in which every acre of land and every penny piece should be left away from Martin, the fool.

"Do you hear me, Shakelby, do you hear?" he said, as he stamped to and fro. "It is waste of breath for you to speak for the boy. I won't listen. I know what I do, I want no advice from you."

"You won't have it," the other retorted, "unless you pay six and eightpence for it, and then it'll only be on a point of law."

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He took his pen as he spoke and made ready to note the instructions down.

"That's well," said the Squire; "do as I say. No advice and no questions. To think I should be defied by that puppy! Browbeaten by him, ignored by him! Marry Molly Gearing, will he? We'll see, we'll see! Have you got it all down?"

"All that's worth putting," Shakelby said, shortly; he saw no need to note down that Martin was not to marry Mistress Molly Gearing, because he knew that if the son took after the father he would most certainly do it, could he but get her good will, and that in spite of any notes to the contrary.

The Squire, being satisfied with what was done, soon took his leave, and Lawyer Shakelby was left looking at the paper before him. 'Twas a monstrous fine bit of property, was Grimthorn's; land, fat land, and the old house of Thorn; a snug farm or two, and the gift of a living. There was provision for a family there; it was worse than wicked it should fall into the hands of that wifeless and childless spendthrift cousin whose name was set down in black and white. Lawyer Shakelby had had dealings with Grimthorn many and many a year, and it went to his heart—or rather to his strong box, or his title-deed, or whatever stood for the heart he said he had not—to see the goodly property alienated to a wastrel, and of the name of Brown.

"Joey!" he called.

Joey, his clerk, came bustling in—a little man with a face so like a cherry that one wondered the birds never took a bite out of him; and with so keen a liking for men and their affairs that some wondered how he and his master hit it as they did.

"Joey," said the lawyer, "find out for me where young Martin Grimthorn is, what he does, and how he fares. Also find out all about a wench, Molly Gearing."

"Yes, sir," said Joey; and it almost seemed from his manner as if the order were no more unusual than the draft for a lease.

Usual or not, so well did he fulfill it that in less than a week he had a budget of news for Master Shakelby. Also (and herein he showed great indiscretion), on the Friday following, he had somehow conveyed word of the contents of the will he had drafted to the party (or parties) most concerned.

On that Friday Squire Grimthorn came again into town, and to Shakelby, to answer some question of his, and also to give notice of some fresh message he had bethought him to have included in the will for the humbling of his son when he himself should be dead.

As before, the lawyer took it down, while the Squire stamped to and fro.

"Have you heard from the pup?" he asked at last.

"I?" said Shakelby. "No, of course not. Why should I?"

"No, no," the father agreed, "of course not. Why should you?" He stamped the length of the room again. "He defies me still!" he snorted. "He ignores me! Never a word or sign have I heard! He thinks he'll marry her, but he won't; and why?—ha! ha! Because she won't have him when she finds he hasn't anything to his name. I know her. She's the spit and moral of her mother—you mind her mother, Shakelby? Molly Priest—wouldn't have me: gave me the go-by for a captain fellow who spent every penny she had and ill-treat her to boot. Didn't 'love me,' she said. Oh, I remember, though it was six and twenty years gone! The daughter's just like her. Seen her? No, of course not. But I know she is from what Martin says—same hair, same eyes, same little arched foot, same—but he sha'n't have her! No, he sha'n't!"

"Humph!" said the lawyer. "Suppose he takes her in spite of you?"

"He won't," laughed the Squire. "She won't have him when she knows how things stand."

"Not if she's wise," Shakelby agreed. "But women—drat 'em—are not that. They're most of 'em fools when they think they're in love—"

"Love!" roared Grimthorn. "Love, did you say? The mother didn't love me—do you think the daughter would love him? She's like her mother, and he's like me, though with less sense; do

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you think he can do what I could not, and get a woman like that to love him? No, it's money she's after—the minx! Love, indeed! She saw enough of her mother's love match. She's going to do better, she thinks; but she won't! The mother wouldn't marry without love, she said—the daughter sha'n't, I say."

The lawyer nodded, and just then Joey came in.

"Joseph," said his master, "that will for Squire Grimthorn—bring it here. Stay—you have not been talking about it, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said Joey. "At least, not to say—"

"Not to say? What d'y' mean! Abominable chattering fellow, he is"—so Shakelby muttered to the Squire. "Speak out, man; what d' y' mean?"

"I—oh—" stammered the clerk, "a few words, perhaps, Master. Martin—"

"Martin!" shouted the father; and he did it so loud that he had no heed to give to Lawyer Shakelby's words about getting rid of Joseph because of his chattering tongue. Joey paid no heed to them either.

"Is the boy in the town?" asked the Squire. "Where is he? I'll see him."

"Not far from here, sir," Joey said; "no distance. I've got the name of the street writ down. I'll fetch it."

And he whisked away, to soon come again with a slip of paper for his master.

The lawyer read it. "Do you go to the boy now?" he asked; and when the father said, "Of course," he rose, with the sigh of one who makes a sacrifice, saying, "I'll go with you."

The Squire being pleased thereby, for, said he, he wanted a witness of what he should say, they soon after set out together.

The day by that time was on the wane, the green dusk of April falling, making the streets very still and soft seeming. The street to which the friends went was so small and quiet that it appeared already evening there.

"This is the house," said Shakelby, stopping before the last in a humble row. "Their room is at the back."

As he spoke he led the way up a narrow cut which lay at the side and gave on to the back of the house. But the Squire stopped. "Theirs?" said he. "Whose?"

"His and hers," Shakelby answered. "Joseph says they are married."

He spoke with unconcern, and certainly it was no concern of his. At the same time he cautiously approached a window at the back.

The Squire gave a gasp. "Married! They married! The jackanapes! The hussy!" He shook his fist towards the window, but none the less drew near.

The lawyer, who was a shortish man, meanwhile had climbed to a water-butt. "I'm going to look in," he said, peering round the shelter of a spout. "I want to make sure before we knock that Joseph spoke truth and they do indeed dwell here."

"Yes," panted the Squire from below. "Yes—are they there?"

Shakelby looked and nodded, but raised a warning hand for quiet.

"Let me look," said the Squire, but at the same time he spied an old box, and, too impatient for the other to climb down, he softly placed it and mounted upon it, and, being a big man, was just able to see in without himself being seen.

Inside was a humble enough room, neat and trim as a baby house, the homely gear all spick and span, the bed hid by a cotton curtain, two plates and a pan set to pretend a kitchen in the cupboard, and some daffodils in a blue mug to make a garden of the window-sill. The young couple were there, both silent and with sad care to keep them company. Martin was by the door, and he looked and he looked at the girl wife with gaze that yearned to her. But she, nearer the window, sat with bent-down head, stitching at some fine dame's embroidery, brave eyes holding back the tears fastened on the near completed work.

And when the Squire saw her, something choked in his throat. "Oh, my God," he moaned, brokenly. "Oh, Molly, Molly, dear!"

But the two within did not hear or heed, for the work was done now, and Molly gave it to her husband to bear to its destined place. He took it and folded it with care, she watching him, while the slow tears gathered in her eyes. He turned and saw them.

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"Love!" he cried. "Do not look at me so!"

"Oh, my beloved," she sobbed, "what have I done for you! I, who love you, who would gladly lay the world, did I possess it, at your feet! See what sorrow I have brought into your life, what loss, what curse!"

"Curse?" he said. "Nay, blessing—the best blessing man can have. Have I not the blessing of your love, and does not that outweigh the curse of ten fathers' wrath? What is wealth to us? what care I for it, save only for you? If you are content without it, content to be poor, what is it to me—I can work—"

"Ah, sweetheart," she said, sadly, "you know not what you renounce; you know not the years of toil, the price you pay."

"No price is too high," he said, and stopped her lips with a kiss.

But she would not be silenced. "We have done wrong," she said; "not only do I know it because of the loss that will be—that is a matter for ourselves, as you say—but also because of your father. You owed him duty, owed him love; he has loved you, given to you; you are his only one; I should not have come between. We should have waited; perhaps he might have been won. His curse will be upon us, for my gain is his loss. I have robbed his home for this the dearest treasure of mine."

For answer he held her close, striving to comfort her, saying she did not know his father, who was a man never to be won over, and saying other things too, tenderly.

At last she slipped from his arms. "Let us say no more," she said; "there is naught to be said. Take the work, dearest; the hour is late for it to go, but we must have the money to-night."

"Yes," said he sadly, "for without it there is no supper. Oh, it cuts me to the heart that you should work so! It shall not be; I will find something on the morrow. I will carry coals—"

"Silly boy," she said, smiling wanly; "dost not know it is the sweetest thing in all the world to work for the beloved? Of old I worked for my mother, now for one dearer."

He caught her in his arms again and kissed her, then took the work and went to the door. There she called him back.

"Kiss me again for good-by," she said, with a catch in her voice.

And he kissed her and went out.

Lawyer Shakelby outside on the water-butt carefully climbed from that coign of vantage and took up a discreet position for fear young Martin should chance to look up the cut and see him. The Squire mechanically followed his example and felt for his bandanna, thinking to blow a loud trumpet on his nose. But half-way to it he remembered him of the necessity for silence and put the handkerchief up again, and muttered something of flies, scratching his eyes hard, feeling within himself a very earnest and miserable desire to be away and yet to be there, in fact to be any other than himself. Lawyer Shakelby, who, having, as he plainly showed, no concern in the matter, did not trouble about his nose, but, looking up at the darkening sky, remarked, "Maybe we'll have rain by and by."

And, the Squire saying nothing, he added: "If it keep off long enough, we'll look in again; then we shall see how she behaves when he's gone; no doubt this pretending of loves and sweethearts will all be done then and she'll be trimming her sails for the gold."

Grimthorn gave a snort; in another man one might have thought it was of wrathful protest. but in him it could not have been so. Shakelby paid no heed, but so soon as he thought it wise climbed on the butt again.

"She's writing a letter," was his whispered report.

"To me?" asked the Squire, who did not seem to have so much fancy to mount on his box.

"Can't tell," said the lawyer. "Wait a little. I may see a part of it." He fixed his spectacles. "'My own love'—Is that you?"

"No," said the Squire, and he was red to the gills under the other's inquiring eye. "Come down!" he muttered.

But Shakelby did not obey. He deciphered something more. "'I leave you because I love you so'—there's a monstrous great blot there—'Do not grieve for me, sweetheart, it is best so.

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We have done wrong—oh, my love—my love' "—

"Come down!" said the Squire, as loud as he dared. "Cease reading, you villain!"

"Eh?" said the lawyer, "read more? I can't; it's just a mass of blots; she's a poor writer and a poor reasoner, faulty in the logic—all women are. She's left writing now to weep. She's got his portrait from her bosom—"

The Squire gave an angry grunt and a tug at the other's legs, but, being close under the window, he heard the voice—so like the dead voice he loved—saying, "Oh, dearest, dearest, do not blame me, do not grieve overmuch. You know not what it is to be poor—you think you could for my sake, and so could you for a while, but year in, year out, the grinding, grinding toil, the pinch that is ever there! 'Twould be nothing to me, I know it, but you—oh, I could not bear that your love should grow cold, and I cannot take what another loses—I could not make me rich by robbing a father of his son; you would grow to curse me, too. So, dearest, I leave you while the blessing is still upon us, and we in the sweet spring of our joy—I have had my good day. It is not—hard—to—die—"

The last was lost in a sob, but Lawyer Shakelby did not hear it, for at that moment the Squire landed him a blow in the chest which must most certainly have knocked him from the water-butt had not he been this much prepared, that he jumped in the nick of time.

"You blackguard!" cried the Squire, "you eavesdropping villain! Molly, Molly! Let me in! How dare you break my boy's heart! How dare you! It's clear murder to stand here and listen to such plotting. Molly!"

And he pushed up the window, and thrust in his face (the flies must have troubled him much, for his eyes were wondrous red).

Molly gave a cry, but Shakelby marched to the door near by, and, opening it, said, "Grimthorn, honest men go in by doors, not windows; especially if they are of stout habit of body."

And, Molly having drawn back from the window, the Squire made for the door, and reached it before she could get there to shut it. "Molly," he cried, "you must not go! You must love the old man for the sake of the young one; for the sake of the Molly who's dead and the little Mollies that yet may be," and he folded her in his arms.

"Mollies to be," said the lawyer. "A family: just the property for it!" and he shut the door upon them. Then he turned into the street, and almost ran into young Martin coming hurrying home with the supper wrapped in a slender piece of paper, such as they use in small shops.

"Lawyer Shakelby!" he said, and half stopped.

"Ah, Martin," the elder man answered, "you would speak with me? Another time, perhaps? Maybe you had best hasten home now; there's a man kissing your wife."

"My wife!" cried Martin, and fled, with the supper gripped tight in his hand.

Now that supper was not a great lot for two, yet, by transmutation of the magician Love, it was a feast for three when it had been cooked in the pretending kitchen and set on the baby's house table. And if two of the folks had to share one plate, why, it did not matter at all—were they not man and wife, and was not their father sitting opposite to them, laughing and nodding at them across the mug of daffodils?

Lawyer Shakelby went back to his office, where he found Joseph still at work—Joseph was a great worker.

"Joey," he said, "I chanced to get up a bottle of the old Madeira this morning; I thought maybe it might be wanted; you had best come and drink it with me."

"Thank 'ee," said Joey, and he was off his stool in a trice.

"Shall we drink to the young couple?" said he.

"Young couple be sugared!" the lawyer answered, tartly; "we'll drink to Grimthorn—a fine property, fat land, snug farms, the old house of the Thorn—provision for a family there—that's worth a glass. Young couple, forsooth! Young couples are nothing to me."

"No, sir," said Joey—but he winked, the which is a low, foolish, and unseemly habit.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Architecture. By Denton J. Snider. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 5½×8 in. 561 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Snider's "New System of Thought" embraces four domains—psychology, philosophy, social institutions, and æsthetics. The first volume of the last-named department has to do with architecture. The author considers successively Oriental, European, and Occidental types. Much the longest part of these three is naturally the second, but we could wish it still longer in order to have more of the author's keen criticism on the Gothic age, to which too little space is given. To the student the volume's value is diminished by the lack of an index. The book as a whole, however, should have two beneficial results. First, it shows a striking parallel between the history of architecture and corresponding changes in society. Secondly, it is almost the first volume to treat seriously the American "skyscraper" as a type of Occidental architecture. Dr. Snider protests against the idea held by some that this latest architectural product is any variation of an old tune: he declares that a new principle in building has come to light along with new materials and constructive methods. As he aptly says, the American high building represents a new world, not one of space alone, but one of spirit. The liberation of man shows a liberation in constructive principles.

Bevis: The Story of a Boy. By Richard Jefferies. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 464 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of a story for boys written by Richard Jefferies many years ago, full of his intimate knowledge of nature, and full also of sympathy with and knowledge of the interests and characteristics of boys.

Book of the Automobile (The). By R. T. Sloss. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 372 pages. $3, net.

A complete handbook of the things the owner of a motor-car ought to know.

Chinese Life in Town and Country. Adapted from the French of Emile Bard by H. Twitchell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.20, net.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of this interesting book is that on Chinese finance. In it several facts are brought out not sufficiently emphasized elsewhere: that the stations for the collection of *likin*, or taxes, on the Grand Canal are only twenty miles apart; that of the taxes levied on junks as they pass Wenchau, part goes to the judge, part to the governor, and part to the commander of the garrison—everywhere, in fact, innumerable taxes benefit every Chinese official; that at Suchau there is a tax on textile industries and one on brick manufacture—contradicting the familiar assertion that in China no one must pay for the privilege of being a manufacturer or merchant; finally, that shippers avoid the tax annoyance by means of a yearly subscription—thus for years the Syndical Chambers of Fabrics at Shanghai paid for their consignments to Suchau by subscription, the result being that a monopoly was constituted and those outside the Chambers were ruinously overtaxed. As to wages, our author does not fear the flooding of the world by Chinese pauper labor now that the coolies' wages on the Peking-Hankau railway have been doubled and the salaries in the Shanghai cotton-mills quadrupled. M. Bard's four years' residence in the Flowery Kingdom has evidently been used for keen observation. Whether he describes merchants or missionaries, mandarins or paupers, foreign trade or ancestor worship, he gives to us a distinctly individual impression. The translation seems well done, but we do not understand why the name "Benoît" is Englished "Benoist" instead of Benedict. There is a good index.

Chronicles of the City of Perugia, 1492-1503. Written by Francesco Matarazzo. Translated by Edward Strachan Morgan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 286 pages. $1.25, net.

In these chronicles, Matarazzo, the famous Perugian scholar, traveler, and ambassador, displays a clear, picturesque style. He is sometimes garrulous, it is true, but seldom prolix. He describes those stirring times when the Baglioni family were able to assert a position in Perugia, similar to that which the Medici won for themselves in Florence. The translator has, we think wisely, omitted the passages dealing with history in other parts of Italy, save where they bear on the fortunes of the Baglioni. Thus the plot of the story is helped forward, and in this compacter form it has almost an epic, a Homeric quality. It might well be entitled "The Wrath of the Baglioni."

Coming of the King (The). By Joseph Hocking. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.50.

A tedious novel of the swashbuckling type.

Diplomatic Mysteries. By Vance Thompson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

Startling disclosures of the dark and devious methods pursued by European diplomacy, best described in the newspaper phrase "interesting if true." The chief thing that they lack, however, is verisimilitude.

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Elizabethan Virginal Book (An). By E. W. Naylor, Mus. D. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 220 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Grey Brethren (The): And Other Fragments in Prose and Verse. By Michael Fairless. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 147 pages. $1.25.

Italian Backgrounds. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 214 pages. $2.50, net.

That Mrs. Wharton knows her Italy at first hand and knows it also with insight has been apparent to all readers of her stories from the beginning. This attractive quarto shows the combination of thorough knowledge based on original research, ability to enter into and value different aspects of life and different forms of art, and a finished and suggestive style. A hint of the quality and scope of the book is given by Mrs. Wharton herself in her qualification of a certain class of travelers as "idlers who refuse to measure art by time and for whom Italy is a boundless horizon." This book is not meant for the average tourist, unless he wishes a better knowledge of Italy; nor is it for the materially-minded or for the inartistic. It is a book which involves the possession of knowledge, leisure, taste, and imagination on the part of its reader as well as of its writer. "The boundless horizon," the penetration of every form of art by the genius of the people, is brought out by Mrs. Wharton in almost every chapter; for she does not treat art, literature, history, nor architecture as isolated phenomena; she finds them all mingled in the history of every notable municipality, contributed to its life, furnishing its charm, interpreting its spirit. The volume belongs in that small class of books of observation which are also books of artistic and spiritual interpretation; which not only describe places and monuments, but convey an impression of peoples, a sense of society, with the elusive atmosphere in which everything of historical or artistic value is seen by those who have the gift of sight.

Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Howells has never written a more thoroughly characteristic or delightful story than this latest study of the inconsequential woman, which has all the lightness, the charming comedy touch, of his earlier work, and yet is not lacking in serious purpose. The three women about whom the narrative moves are set in the most delicate and complete contrast, their characteristics and qualities being brought out with the skill of an accomplished workman in a thousand deft touches. The studies of temperament are both skillful and convincing. It is quite certain that Mr. Howells has written nothing in a happier style; the vein of humor which runs through the book is as fresh as in his earlier work, and parallel with it runs a vein of quiet, kindly irony equally effective. There is also plenty of matter for serious thought; the general thesis may be stated in very few words: love of itself, no matter how deep and passionate, does not insure happiness in marriage; there must be common sense, restraint, consideration, mutuality of interests as well.

Novels of Charles Dickens. (Illustrated Pocket Edition.) **The Pickwick Papers. Oliver Twist.** The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. $1 per vol.

These volumes begin a new handy-volume edition of Dickens, printed on rice-paper, with good typography and binding. They contain reproductions of the well-known illustrations of the original editions.

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir Archibald Geikie. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 447 pages. $2.

A first place among readable books must be given to this charming volume in which a Scotch scientist of eminence has set down his personal recollections, with a vast amount of information gained by contact with other men, of earlier life and times in Scotland; social habits, the attitude of the Scotch toward church life and ministerial manners, traveling, sport, and kindred themes. There is hardly a page in the book which is not notable for its human interest, hardly a story which is not fresh, hardly an anecdote which would not bear retelling for its wit or its pathos. The volume is a kind of foot-note to the more elaborate historical studies of the same period; but it gives one far more of the life of the people than many a more pretentious volume.

Sixteen Years in Siberia. By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 376 pages. $2, net.

In an issue of The Outlook early last year there appeared from the pen of Mr. Kennan a review of this well-written and convincing account of penal methods and conditions in Siberia by one who has known them to his cost; and detailed comment on the work, in connection with the publication of the new and cheaper edition, is therefore unnecessary. It is interesting to observe, however, that the new edition contains two features absent from the original. One is a preface, in which the translator seeks to estimate the influence of recent events in giving impetus to the reform movement in Russia; the other is the inclusion, in the form of an appendix, of a reply by Count von Bülow to a Reichstag interpellation concerning the Königsberg trial of last July, when certain German subjects were prosecuted for smuggling revolutionary literature into Russia. In his reply the Chancellor found occasion to cite the extradition of Leo Deutsch in 1884, and his speech, as printed with Bismarck's marginal notes on the case, forms an impressive addition to the exile's personal story.

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by Isabel Moore. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 457 pages. $2.50, net.

This is probably the last volume with which

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the name of Laurence Hutton will be intimately associated, and, all things considered, it is the most interesting and the most permanently valuable. He had a notable genius for friendship, and few men have had greater power of interesting and attaching the best men to themselves. A glance through the index of this book shows how inclusive were the associations of Mr. Hutton with the best men of his time in all the arts. He knew intimately almost every actor, American or English, of any note; he was on the best of terms with many English and American artists; there were very few writing men in this country who were not familiar visitors in his home; with many of them he was in constant correspondence, with not a few he was on terms of closest intimacy. His hospitality was boundless, and his homes in New York and later in Princeton were furnished with all sorts of associations. Both houses were records of Mr. Hutton's long friendships, his well-tried and enduring fidelities, and the affection in which he was held by men like Booth, Irving, Aldrich, Stedman, William Black, Fiske, Bunner, Alma-Tadema, and a host of others. The most masculine of men in his habits and tastes and his manner of speech, Mr. Hutton had the good fortune to evoke the warmest expression of affection; and reticent men, who rarely confessed their regard for others, found it easy to write affectionate notes and inscriptions and warm-hearted messages of all sorts to one whose heart and hearth were always aglow. This is a very informal book, and gains by its unpretentious intimacy of style.

Venus of Cadiz (The). By Richard Fisguill. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 323 pages. $1.50.

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

A quiet tale of every-day life, open to the charge of being tame and flavorless, yet sound at heart because it shows one true man—placid in misfortune, generous to all the world, content to put on a grocer's apron when large commercial ambitions have been thwarted, indulgent to others' weaknesses even when those whom he has saved become pretentious and contemptuous of his occupation. This is, we suppose, the last posthumous novel from Mr. Gissing's pen (three in all have been printed, we believe), and certainly it leaves one with a warmer personal feeling toward the author than did some of his earlier and abler books.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

A Young People's Missionary Movement

The title of the Southern Conference for Leaders, which opened on the evening of June 23 at Kenilworth Inn, Asheville, North Carolina, seemed almost a misnomer at the first glance. The red brick inn, about the most prominent landmark from the Southern Railway between Biltmore and Asheville, stands a-top of a hill so steep as to try pretty severely the endurance of the most enthusiastic climber, though the view of the mountains from the top is such as to repay the effort. As one looked over the audience, the overwheming majority appeared so youthful —here and there a gray head or a face that seemed to have seen its thirtieth birthday— that one said, interrogatively, "Leaders?" Then one realized that this was a conference of the leaders of the future, and the character and meaning of the Young People's Missionary Movement seemed for the first time fully understood.

Leaders, possibly, of a future very near; for one of the speakers said that he had seen a photograph of fourteen delegates to last year's Conference, and that seven of these had already volunteered for the foreign mission field. And as one glanced from one rapt, earnest face to another, it was not hard to fancy that the present Conference would be at least as fruitful.

The opening addresses struck a very high note of consecration and self-training for the work of leadership. The leader must possess courage, steadfastness, hopefulness, reality; he must inspire others with confidence and enthusiasm; he must be well equipped mentally and physically—"an officer on the field doesn't wish to be obliged to think of his body; therefore he should get and keep himself in good physical condition, to be ready for such seasons of special stress. "The hungry mind" was also referred to as a characteristic of the leader; but, above all things, it was emphasized that the leader must keep in vital relations with the Captain of our salvation," the great central dynamo of spiritual energy."

The Conference was described as not a peace conference, but a council of war, planning for an aggressive campaign; it might have been termed a School of War, so exhaustive seems to be the study planned of the field of work and of methods.

The first hour of the day, it was urged, ought to be used for private prayer and devotional study of the Scriptures; from nine to ten o'clock was the hour for united Bible study; from ten to eleven for the discussion of practical methods of missionary work in Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies; from eleven to twelve the topic was

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home and foreign missions. The afternoons were given to recreation.

In numbers the Conference was such as to be easily handled; about two hundred and fifty having registered. These represented about ten of the sixteen denominations constituting the Executive Board. Geographically, the delegates came from an area roughly outlined by Virginia, Missouri, Texas, and Florida. It was thus not merely a Southern, but a Southeastern, Conference; and it may be that another year the Executive Committee may see its way to holding a third Conference for the Pacific and Western States; perhaps astonishing the gray old walls of some ancient Spanish mission by the contact of youthful zeal, modern methods, and a love of the Master no less sincere and self-sacrificing than was that of any of their cowled and cloistered founders. * *

The Jacob A. Riis House

To all of our friends who read The Outlook:

This is the season when vacation plans are all-absorbing. Every one is hoping for some kind of an outing, and for weeks past our mothers and children have been talking of the Jacob A. Riis House and the good times they are anticipating there. What a blessed change from the times, only a few years back, when the only promise that the first vacation days brought to one crowded tenement district was of blazing sunshine, glaring pavements, noisy, malodorous streets, and stifling nights, to be endured as best they could! It is not surprising that the women should declare it "just like heaven," when they are suddenly transported from such surroundings to our lovely Home at Twin Island. Surely no one could see these tired mothers sitting quietly under the trees, enjoying the view and the refreshing salt breezes from the Sound, and hear the joyous shouts of the children as they discover treasures in the way of crabs or mussels on the rocks along the shore, or gather flowers in the woods that come up to our very doors, without longing to fill the house to its utmost capacity and make the season as long as possible.

The condition of our treasury is the only thing that restrains the enthusiasm of our Fresh Air Committee. The winter has been a long and hard one, and the demands so constant that the spring found us absolutely penniless. Many old friends have very kindly remembered our "summer work," but the contributions have come more slowly than usual, and although we are opening the house and preparing for a large household, we have not received enough yet to cover the first month's expenses. We have missed the eloquent appeal which has always brought such generous response from the readers of The Outlook. But while Mr. Riis is suffering under an overwhelming sorrow, we are sure that his many friends will not let the work suffer that has been so near his heart and that of his dear wife's.

We need $1,500 to meet the running expenses of the Home, and as much more to keep things going in Henry Street. The work in the homes, the care of the sick, the distribution of flowers, and the arranging of day excursions, cannot be neglected, for it is but a comparatively small number of our people, after all, who can get away for a week's outing, and to those who cannot these day trips mean so much.

Many churches, Sunday-schools, and King's Daughters' circles near the city have invited parties for the day, and we want many more such invitations. Miss Waterbury, our head worker, is always ready to answer questions and make arrangements for parties of boys, girls, or mothers. We have all kinds eagerly waiting to accept, and more appreciative guests it would be hard to find.

All checks should be made payable to Miss Clara Field, and all letters addressed to the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement. CLARA FIELD, Treasurer.

Sea Air for Tuberculosis

At Seabreeze, Coney Island, not far from the shows and amusements of "Dreamland" and "Luna Park," an experiment in the curative properties of fresh sea air has been quietly carried on for a year. The results promise to revolutionize the treatment in this country of glandular and bone tuberculosis—surgical tuberculosis, as it is called in distinction from the more familiar pulmonary tuberculosis.

Last February one of the best-known surgeons of New York stood in a hospital ward looking down at a little white-faced boy who lay still in his bed. Beside him was Dr. Wallace, the physician in charge of the Seabreeze experiment. Turning to Dr. Wallace, the surgeon remarked, "This boy is dying here of hip disease. I wish you would take him down to Seabreeze and try open-air treatment. It's his only chance. I warn you, he may die on the way down." "We've had no death so far among our patients," Dr. Wallace answered, "and we'd like to round out the year with that record; nevertheless, I'll take him."

In two weeks after the lad's arrival at Seabreeze the pain which had been his constant companion had departed. A slight brace was substituted for the pulley and weight he had been wearing. A few days after his coming, when questioned as to ball games by one of the nurses, this child of ten had replied languidly, "I used to play when I was young." Now healthy interest in his surroundings began to replace an absolute indifference to the world. One of the first indications of this was his comment to the doctor that Jimmy, a little neighbor, "hasn't been lying on his back as you told him to." Progress toward health may be slow, but his ascent of the road has begun.

These results are not new in the history of Continental therapeutics. Seaside hospitals for glandular tuberculosis are on the coast of England, France, and Spain. Last summer

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Mr. John Seely Ward, Jr., one of the directors of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, visited the hospitals at Berck, near Calais, in France. Struck with what they were accomplishing, on his return home Mr. Ward suggested that on the beach adjoining the Association's summer home a tent camp be established where the open-air treatment might be tried for some of the children afflicted with this disease. Several hospitals sent patients, tents were erected, nurses and doctors put in charge, and a regimen of out-of-door life, good food, and no medicine was begun. All summer long the little bandaged and crippled children, some of whom had hardly known a home save a hospital, lay in the sunshine and the sand, bathed in the ocean, and by the end of the summer, frolicking and round and rosy, would hardly have been recognized as the white and wizened beings who had come from the city.

At the approach of autumn, so great had been the improvement that it seemed out of the question to send the children back into the city. The tents had proved but a shaky home, to be feared for in every gale, so one wing of the Seabreeze Home was fitted up as the hospital. The season had changed, but not the treatment. The days were spent out on the beach, in the snow and wind, and, when the rain fell, on the wide verandas. No one was allowed in bed inside the hospital in the daytime. The children not able to be up lay on cots on the balconies. At night each little white bed in the wards was occupied by a hooded and mittened and well-blanketed child, for every window was down half-way, and the bitter Atlantic gales surged in, filling with tonic and cold and freshness every corner of the sleeping-rooms. Visitors were sometimes taken down to Seabreeze to see the sick children sleeping in the winter air—the "snow babies," they were called. A sight it was; but the way they thrived under it silenced the most chilly furnace-lover.

Accustomed to continual housing as the children had been, only once was an objection made to outdoor life. One particularly blustery day a small boy refused to accompany the others out on the playground, stating in explanation, "That isn't fresh air, it's only cold air."

With the opening of the schools some of the parents grew uneasy that the children should have no schooling. Many of them, as a consequence of hospital life, knew neither how to read nor write, so the Board of Education provided a primary teacher and a kindergarten teacher, a room was assigned for the purpose, and each morning the children assembled for instruction. It was a well-ventilated school-room! At first the teachers were inclined to sit by the fire and shiver, but they soon entered into the spirit of the place, and one of them acknowledged this spring that never before, after a season's teaching, had she felt so well.

After an hour's session came a recess, a light luncheon, and physical exercises out-of-doors. Two hours was the extent of the school day. In their school work the children learned a number of songs. It was a pretty sight to see them, one Sunday afternoon in early spring, clustered around their doctor on the veranda, singing song after song with liveliest interest—Christmas carol, Easter anthem, kindergarten movement songs of cobbler and blacksmith, and ending with "America," for which every one stood up, though some must balance themselves on chair or railing.

So happy and hopeful is the atmosphere in which the children live that the pathos of the conditions is subordinate even to the observer most rebellious over crippled childhood. From the superintendent, whose heart is as warm as her head is level, and from each nurse and attendant, love and interest go out to the children, and this atmosphere of affection is as real and as efficacious as that furnished by the sea. It is reflected in the children's faces. While watching some of them running around and laughing, it is hard to believe that these are "cases" for whom New York's best surgical skill was of no avail, and who were received "emaciated," "incurable," but a few months before. The children, young as most of them are, appreciate the care and brightness of their surroundings. The birthday parties, the little surprises planned for them, the home feeling all the elders do their best to create, bring joyful response. One boy discharged cured was told that now he was well, and could go home, so that another sick child might come to take his place and also get well. The boy did not seem over pleased. "I'd like to go home," he said, "and see them all and stay a week or two, and then come back here. But if I must go, I'll never forget what Seabreeze has done for me. And when I grow up to be a man and make lots of money, then I'll see what I can do!"

There are over four thousand children in New York City suffering from non-pulmonary forms of tuberculosis, for whom the sea air can accomplish what it is doing for the few who have been gathered at Seabreeze. Out of the forty-three treated four have been sent home well, one alone has made no progress, and all the others are in various stages of improvement and promise of ultimate recovery.

To endow a seashore hospital that will restore health to these children—what an opportunity for a lover of humanity! Perhaps rarely has so direct and serviceable a means of helpfulness been open to the philanthropist. And one that not only will meet the needs of a single community, but will form an example and stimulus for the foundation of other seaside hospitals throughout the land. The work and need await this giver, to whom the thanks of the children will go echoing on for generations

L. W.

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